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FASHION IN ART.

IT cannot be too often repeated that not to the artists, but to their contemporary circumstances, is the peculiar treatment of ideal or imitative art attributable. Perhaps the term ideal, as used in reference to painting and sculpture, is an inaccuracy; for the arts are essentially imitative; and the more they are studied in reference to that understanding of their intention, the more permanent is their hold upon our approval. Nature itself is not ideal; it is true: neither is it subservient to fashion; for it has its immutable laws, over which fashion has no control; but ideality, whether in poetry or art, is a caprice, that runs in a certain train of imitative reasoning for a certain time; and, when the circumstances that directed it have been removed or modified, it is only that portion connected with it that was founded upon the unalterable principles of nature that remains to recommend it. We then wonder at the temporary reputation of persons whose fame was founded upon the meretricious cleverness of suiting themselves entirely to their time's method of thinking; the fortune making cleverness of common-place, that the more perfect its adaptation to the individuality of its own period, is the less capacitated to be tolerable in any separated from it by the revolution in opinion that is continually going on. Thus it frequently happens that the most worthy of their time in anything, are neither the most fashionable or the most amply rewarded; and we read of numerous instances of unappreciated merit, and extravagantly recompensed mediocrity. Even when the reverse happens to be the exception, it will be found, upon inquiry, that their best-liked works, at present, are not those that were the most approved of when produced. Living reputa-

tion, being then, as now, more easily attainable to the worldly talent of humouring the public caprice, than to the absolute excellence of the thing done. If we examine philosophically the cause and consequence of this tendency towards fashion in the artist, it appears to follow, that contemporary criticism must, being placed in the same circumstances with contemporary art, be in its turn influenced by those circumstances in its opinions; and find it exceedingly difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to speak or write of a fine art production, in exclusive reference to the fulfilment of the principles by which it will be judged in an after period, when the circumstances themselves have ceased to operate.

Those works of art, however, which possess so much of natural imitation as will obtain for them a certain degree of orthodox and lasting fame, do occasionally, by the revolution of time, re-possess themselves of the use and enjoyment of their early reputation, with additional advantages derivable from the peculiarities suggested by the recurrence of the caprice or fashion of their period giving to them a mysterious value from their suggestive motives having passed away. Thus, what was an absolute insufficiency when a picture was painted, may become an individuality in the work that a succeeding caprice in the fashion of another period will point out for admiration. Natural principles being in both cases equally abused; in the one by incompetence, in the other by bad taste.

In the fifteenth century, a painter who would represent a Holy Family, was, from the circumstances in which he was placed—as living in the infancy of literature as well as art, and being as yet unaided by the diffusion of letters consequent on the invention of printing—incapacitated from reference to documentary costume, and unused to the strictures of exciting criticism; he would therefore take a female and an infant of his neighbourhood, clothed as they were clothed, and caring for little more than wholesomeness in model. Paint them with all the industry of art that was his then endowment, in entire reference to absolute imitation merely. His success is, after all his pains, but partial; for we cannot shut our eyes to the fact the work itself expresses, that it is the endeavouring of one who had not satisfied himself. Its every appearance indicates infancy of art. But he is nevertheless successful in appearance; the judgment of his period being satisfied, though he is not; for the hand that did so much is directed by a perception that saw much more. The perception of the multitude is, however, delighted with the simple and unadorned indications of an object so presented, and does not look as yet for that close imitation that borders upon absolute deception. It has gone beyond their possibilities, and the artist is then not domineered by other obstacles than his

own insufficiency. Imitation is his object, and ideality makes little or no part of his task beyond the ordinance or composition of his subject, which is in itself the most simple of contrivances.

This period is, however, from increased acuteness of perception among those that give the artist's work, succeeded almost immediately by another, in which the demands upon the imitative powers are more difficult to fulfil. The endeavour to comprehend the wants and intentions of the general public make then a very considerable ingredient in success. Simple imitation of common forms are no longer sufficient to make subjects for pictures. Notions of beauty have insinuated themselves into the minds even of the crowd, and the painter has an additional difficulty imposed upon him. His natural imitation must no longer be satisfied with the first object that presents itself; but thought mingles with execution, and beauty, character and refinement is exacted from his model. But how select? Upon what principle? Why is this form more beautiful than that? These questions seem, at first sight, easily answered; but if our readers will take the trouble to inquire into the notions of the beautiful among those of his acquaintance that have not had enough familiarity with art to have modified their judgments according to the *beau ideal* of Greek antiquity, they will begin to suspect that the task of selecting a standard model was in the first instance a process that took several successive generations to accomplish, and was at an after period only to be completed by the assistance of the remains, that were then in course of discovery, of those very Greek models. This, however, was a revolution in art that did not progress without opposition. The early patrons, or employers of the painter, were not composed of the young and beautiful; but of wrinkled popes, slim hard-featured cardinals, and toothless abbesses. These would not at once lend their assistance to the notion that none could be righteous that were not fair; or that even the Virgin herself was chosen with any reference to her personal beauty. Pupils then thundered with anathemas against the sensibilities of pictorial art; and there threatened to be an uncivil war between the old and ugly on the one part, and the young and well-favoured on the other. Beauty, however, in the end prevailed. Madonnas, and St. Catharines, and St. Cecelias attracted male penitents in crowds to the so decorated churches, while congregations were not thinned of the lady portion of their members by the physical attractions of clothed St. Johns, and something more exposed St. Sebastians.

There is no doubt that, in many instances, artists were compelled to the production of paintings in which there was a struggle to excuse something too much of liberality in exposed form by purity of expression in the attitudes and the counte-

nances. The triumph of the painter was to excite religious emotion by solemnity of sentiment, without the sacrifice of physical beauty; and in many instances the refinement in expression sanctified the work. All did not succeed in this. The difficulty was the greater from the same artist being employed in sacred subjects that compelled such observance, and in profane compositions in which any amount of license was occasionally permitted. The memory of the one associated evil thoughts with the other. The consequence of this was that the austere portion of the public, observing that the stiff, ungainly hardness of the early masters was not looked upon so much in the light of realities as the rounded forms, beautiful proportions, and truthfully coloured representations that succeeded them, bestowed upon the accidentally associated advantages, traceable to the inefficiency of the early painting, the approbation that belonged to an intention, and gave to their productions the title of religious art. They wished for paintings that were but as symbols, and these specimens possessed the character of symbols in the more completeness, from their incapacity to support the reputation of anything better.

Here, then, we find early art appropriating to itself a praise for that which was in reality its defect; and approbation has been conferred upon the productions of the first painters for a quality that was imposed upon them by circumstances, and which did not arise from successful intention, but miscarriage. Missing what they aimed at, they hit something else.

For this caprice, however, art is not responsible; for, until the present period, there are few instances in which artists have wilfully and determinedly repudiated the experience obtained by others, and so shut their eyes to the observation of what has been achieved in their profession as to either depend entirely upon their individual perceptions, and remain hard, stiff, and ugly, from inability to see nature as it is, and a refusal to imitate the art of others; or have obstinately imitated the hard stiffness of the early schools, from a determination to be ugly upon principle.

But there has always existed a party among non-professionals, who have admired the insufficiencies we speak of, as if the love of ugliness was implanted in some minds, as a necessary variety; and, although artists may not have "fooled them to the top of their bent," they have occasionally done much to humour them in the many conceits they have successively entertained. It is now, owing to the fear of disturbing such ancient prejudice, that pictorial costume is so imperfect as it is. Why is it that painter of the present period dares not paint a *Madonna* or a *Holy Family*, clothed in the habiliment of the place and period the picture is supposed to represent? Because prejudice has usurped the place of truth; and modern notions of the Virgin and the Saviour have represented them as being peasantry of the neighbourhood of Rome, Florence, or Venice, and not of Jerusalem, Gallilee, and Nazareth. The misrepresentation of the chief personages compel the misrepresentation of every accessory personage in those pictures, and heavy cloth drapery are permitted to cover the bodies of the inhabitants of a country in which the slightest garments are sufficient; while the head is constantly exposed to the rays of a noon-tide sun, in a clime where immediate death would be, in most cases, the consequence of such an exposure. Here is an

accumulation of conventionality, positively founded upon the sheer ignorance in the inventors, that has for ages fettered succeeding art in such subjects; and we find painters of great skill in all matters connected with natural imitation, the only stable foundation upon which a reputation may be built upon, failing most completely while so fettered. Thus, in an Italian picture of a Syrian event, we have a representation of Italian faces, Italian costume, and Italian manners; all being mistakes of ancient artists, that had they possessed the means of reference to the true models we have at present, they would not themselves have fallen into; yet must the painters of our time, no matter whether German, French, or British, go on in repetition of the same error, nor dare to attempt the originality of being right after such a lengthened and unbroken continuity of wrong.

If an artist like Mr. Herberts, instead of descending to adulterate the many, very many, fine and original qualities he possesses, by the adoption of these Puginesque conventionalities, would enterprize a reform in every such particular in imitative art, as cannot be defended by reasonable arguments, painting might look forward to emancipation from the Italian yoke to which it has been so long subjected; and, while it is at full liberty to use all that is good of the great masters, it would not be encumbered with their blunders, have to attribute to them as models so much of their own error, nor come into such similarity of appearance, when endeavouring to pictorially describe the same subjects. Illustrate sacred history, as every other history is illustrated, in accordance with its own truths, and the field is yet untrodden by other than some few instances in French art. Ancient art would then be challenged to meet modern rivalry in the neutral lists of natural imitation, without the advantage of its own selection of regulation, made to suit its individual circumstances. To this, painters must come at last, or leave scriptural illustration alone, as a matter that has been exhausted; for that they should add to the difficulty of imitating the necessary truth the imitation of imitators, and hope for the success that is only bestowed upon the execution that is dictated by independent thought, is an absurdity that repeated failure, even in the best, will in time demonstrate.

Of what service is it to Mr. Herberts's reputation, that he tells us, that the background of his picture, now in the Royal Academy Exhibition, is painted from a very careful drawing made at Nazareth, when the costume of the inhabitants of his picture, that should have been an imitation of the costume of the inhabitants of that Nazareth, is really the imitation of the costume of another place at another time; and this, be it noticed, not a necessity imposed upon the artist by the insufficiency of documentary evidence as to the costume of that place and time, but arising from either a timidity that dared not disturb a long-existing corruption, or a wilful adherence to ancient prejudice that his position dictates to him the duty of disowning by his own practice. What has Gothic architecture to do with Gothic painting? Gothic architecture was, in its best period, the perfection of its style; but Gothic painting is, on the contrary, the infancy of arts; its character of style being the manner arising from timidity, and all that quaintness to which the beauty of texture is sacrificed, is but the adoption of something that is only tolerable as

being an authentic specimen of the state of progress of the period at which it was executed. All modern Gothic in painting is a forgery; an endeavour to impose the thoughts of one age for those of another. It is a representation of ignorance that is untrue. It is the grown man imitating the tottering step of the babe that is learning to walk; and the mixture of undisguisable power and assumed feebleness compose together such an amount of affectation as is not satisfactory to look upon, and belongs rather to the unreasoning fashion or caprice of our time, than to the naturally imitative department of the art of painting; upon his rank in which the position an artist will hold as a permanence among posterity must be measured. But, as we have remarked, we must look for the correction of this tendency in artists to a more reasonable mode of judging in their employers; for it is the market, after all, that modifies the merchandize. That such a mode of judging will have existence when men shall have learned to admire in ancient art that portion for which those works are worthy of admiration, and no other, will follow, is a consummation that is as natural as consequence to cause; and we believe that nothing so politic for establishing the independence and respectability of modern art could be contrived than an occasional attempt, by a powerful hand, to treat sacred history in painting without reference to anything that has been done in Italy but pure sentiment and fine drawing from a refined *beau ideal*. Let every other part be truthful, textual imitation. To suppose that the costume of Syria would be less solemn than that we are in the habit of looking on in such subjects, is to suppose that the actions described were not solemnities; or, what is worse, by mixing so much of untruth in the illustration, to throw a shade of doubt upon the fact itself.

There is this mischief attached to the error of overlooking the insufficiency of a genius—that the insufficiencies themselves being, in many cases, as much of individualities as the qualities that have made his fame, the uneducated mass, in the affection of comprehending his beauties, are as likely to applaud his deviations from right as his most brilliant endowments. They who dare not attempt to analyze are obliged to give a receipt in full; and along with his beauties his faults are not only received without inquiry, but not unfeignedly form themselves subjects for distinct panegyric. In fact, respectable authority may be produced to countenance the belief that genius must, from its nature, be unequal; and that one of its indications is contempt of rule. "What genius," says Haydon, "*senza errori*" ever enchanted the world? Give me the vigour of Michael Angelo, with all his violence; the dash of Tintoretto, with all his caprice; the colour of Titian, with his want of drawing at first; the sweetness of Corregio, with his namby-pamby men; the composition of Rubens, with his flabby women; or the expression of Raphael, with his hardness of effect; but spare us from that poet, painter, musician, or moral character, who is so perfect that he must be admired without the gusto of finding fault; above all, spare us from the Grandisons in art." How much excuse for bad art would this opinion have furnished had not Haydon himself exemplified the rottenness of his theory? Where is progress to be looked for if the possibility of perfection is not taken for granted, and the hope of its attainment continually cherished? But, we repeat, it is not the fault of artists only that these things are so,

but the reproach of all those who are content that they should be so.

Whatever extravagance or insufficiency attaches itself to the artistic reputation of a people, belongs to the people at large. It is an evidence of a general insufficiency in their perception of those matters; and those who undertake to teach, and are satisfied, by a carelessness of inquiry, to promulgate a vicious theory, are thereby open to the imputation of assisting to perpetuate wrong in that which would, by the natural tendency of the human mind to accumulate observation, discover and repair its own errors; for, while everything else is gaining by discovery, it is difficult to believe that art alone should remain unmoved amidst the universal stir, and resign entirely to the gone-by celebrities of the dark ages the responsibility of thinking for their successors through all time.

H. C. M.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

We have said that feeling, soul, or any other term that may be applied to mean this quality, is the perception of the beautiful in the individual, and that the possession enabled the possessor to give vent to the impression any subject may make on him, in such a manner as to give the idea of what is generally called expression. It is, however, clear that all cannot have exactly the same quality of perception; and this variety is the cause of different styles in different persons. It would be impossible to enter minutely into the many peculiarities observable; but there are, notwithstanding, distinctive characters of styles, resulting from some peculiarity in the perception. The chief of these are delicacy and intensity; each of these might be again subdivided into many minute branches, but there appear to be sufficiently broad bases on which these may rest to give to them a distinct place in the perception of the beautiful.

The observations we propose to make, would resolve themselves into all the abstrusities of metaphysical disquisitions, if, fortunately, through the rivalry of the two Italian Operas, we did not possess examples so sufficiently prominent as to make them practical. We have Persiani, Grisi, Alboni, and, last, thought not least, Jenny Lind. In Persiani we have an example of the first quality—delicacy. Under this head we might include refinement and tenderness, for they are necessarily ingredients which enter into the composition, though, of course, in different degrees. With a high soprano voice, not naturally strong, yet by art rendered sufficiently powerful, Persiani delights by the extreme delicacy of her perception; there is a refinement in every passage she does bordering on what we almost call fastidiousness—an exquisite finish that renders the most minute part of her performance as perfect as her general conception of the whole character; but of tenderness there is only a small portion. In hearing Persiani, we are delighted, astonished, nay, charmed; but she does not make us feel: she will never work up an audience to emotion; the applause she compels results from the perfect specimen of art presented. If there is little of tenderness in Persiani's representations, there is less still of intensity; if, indeed, she possesses any. It is for this reason that she does not excel in acting. She is not sufficiently absorbed in the character. She almost always gives evidence of preparing herself for some exquisite display of vocal art which we know will follow, and being carried away by this;

the acting, which, but for the perfection of artistic effect, would be felt, is lost in the admiration with which we bow before the talent of the artiste.

In Grisi we have presented to us a specimen of intensity, although not perhaps of the highest order. She possesses a mezzo soprano voice, of the fullest and richest quality, capable of great execution and also of sustaining. In all she does we have evidence of power and passion; she enters fully into the character she is performing; but more particularly in those parts requiring force and energy; and yet, we are touched with some beautiful display of tenderness. She can at one time excite; at another time melt an audience; but we in vain look for delicacy; we have no idea presented of any degree of refinement; nor, perhaps, would it be desirable. Nay, their existence would be almost incompatible with the excess of energy that characterises Grisi's performance. Her execution is good, wanting the finish of Persiani's; but more forcible, and better adapted for the line of parts she assumes. In acting, Grisi shows to advantage in the stronger emotions. In these, though we may admire and feel the power with which they are pourtrayed; yet there is a certain degree of coarseness which infuses itself into all her representations; an ingredient, perhaps, not altogether inseparable from the peculiar qualities she displays. We have thus, in these two, the representatives of opposite extremes, and if it were possible to amalgamate them, we should have a perfection not reasonably to be expected in anything of this earth.

In Alboni we do not find those distinctive marks that belong to the others we have delineated. Her voice is a contralto of sufficient power, soft in quality, and flexible, so as to command considerable execution, but it is weak in the middle part, and consequently shews that, as yet, she has not attained to the full extent of the vocal art. This may be remedied, but unless it is, her best efforts will be always marred in effect. She possesses both delicacy and intensity, but not in any degree to that of the first which characterises Persiani, or, of the second, that abounds in Grisi; with far more tenderness than Persiani, she wants her refinement; without the power and passion that belong to Grisi, she is yet altogether without coarseness. If there is any quality which may be said to be peculiarly her own, it might, perhaps, be pathos; and the rich tones of her voice not a little contribute to produce this effect in the opera of *Semiramide*. This was especially observable, and was in no slight degree the cause of the sensation she produced. In the other characters in which we have seen her, she was not so happy; partly owing to the want of power in the middle part of the voice; for it must be clear that where the voice still requires cultivation, it is impossible that the full expression can be given, even where the natural feeling or soul exists; as we have before observed, that expression implies a perfect command over the instrument.

We now come to Jenny Lind. Some of our contemporaries have found a difficulty in speaking of this lady, and have, consequently, done nothing but break out into extravagant language, literally conveying no meaning whatever. It needs but bring her to the test of classification, and we arrive at once and without any difficulty at the proper estimation of her merits and her position. Jenny Lind has a soprano voice, not naturally so flexible as this quality of voice usually is. With

sufficient power, she evidently has acquired a great command over it, and is thus enabled to execute without the least appearance of effort. Without all the finish and perfection in detail that Persiani displays; or the force and vigour that characterise Grisi's performance; and without that peculiar pathos by which Alboni with a single phrase or even note touches the audience, we yet find in her a combination of most of these qualities in a high degree, accompanied by more of refinement than belongs to any of her peers. Her performance is essentially intellectual. Its mind predominating over matter; and, therefore, it is that our audiences who have been so struck with her, seem utterly unable to account for the sensation she creates. In listening to the remarks made by the people around, at any representation; the usual observation is, that "they never saw or heard anything like it before." Nor is this to be wondered at; where intellect can command, it generally carries all before it. The only question is, whether after the novelty is over, the refinement she displays, though it will ever call forth the enthusiasm of the few, will be appreciated by the many. The same attribute belongs to her acting, though surpassed in some points by one or other of her rivals in art—it is faultless as a whole. While thus eulogising her, we would be understood to confine our observations to certain characters. In all those where the peculiar qualities she possesses can be displayed, she will command success; but there are others, let us instance *Norma*, for which we do not think her fitted. The mistake of her attempting such will probably rest with the manager; who, carried away with the rapture she now receives in characters just suited to her, may imagine he has an inexhaustible store upon which he may draw just as he chooses.

We have thus glanced at the general qualities possessed by the four female singers who now principally attract the attention of the public, each possessing something peculiar to themselves. The question that arises is—Can any rules be extracted for general guidance from noticing the points in which each or all excel? The usual impression is, that these are natural gifts, and, that by merely giving way to some impulse of the moment, all the effects we are witness to may be attributed. To this doctrine we entirely demur, and shall probably in some future number show, that while we grant natural abilities, yet the actual results may be traced to the observance of mere mechanical rules.

C. J.

THE CONVENTIONALITY OF THE DRAMA.

If we look back through the history of the stage, we shall notice that it is made up of a series of epochs, and seems to jump from celebrity to celebrity; succeeding singularity producing, as it were, a series of prominences; even like an actor who passes over passages with less notice than their fair deserving, in order to obtain the greater brilliancy in what he calls the points of the character. It is difficult to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the cause of this. We are not quite sure that many of our greatest names upon the stage owe their fame entirely to their absolute superiority to those that succeeded them. Indeed we are not sure that the positive qualities of the lesser lights that follow their sudden blaze are not more intensely brilliant than their own, but that

the eye is more prepared to look on them undazzled. Thus the great triumph of an actor is originality. Some once in a playgoer's lifetime arises a bold spirit, who is determined to think for himself, and goes back to nature for his model; he there sees, or thinks he sees, some novel mode of personation, depending on some consequential spring that, operating largely upon humanity, has not yet received sufficient consideration from preceding artists. The variety of temperaments that separate the races of mankind, infinitely modify the indications of effect that the accidents of life have upon the senses. The dignity of John Kemble, and the sudden burst of passion of Edmund Kean, were equally applicable to the same event, supposing the sufficient difference of temperament existent in the hero represented; each would be natural effects to those whose nature or temperament were similar; and each would find confirmation of the exactitude of their delineation, either in the consciousness of self or the observation of others, that had been acquired by every one of their audience.

Thus, it is more than probable, that to make a celebrity on the stage it requires a certain amount of forgetfulness in an audience; and that acting is, perhaps, the only art that does not owe improvement to accumulation. There is no perfection to be looked for in an actor; for there is not, nor cannot be, any universally-received model by which to measure his amount of success. An insensible progress, by a gradual modification, that perfected as it proceeded, always resolves itself into a monotony upon the stage. In fact, it could be nothing else than conventionality polished into dulness. The actor of genius has always taken the town by surprise; and he has been succeeded by the scholar, the student, and the painstaker. Thus, by what we hear of Betterton, we find that he was of noble person and fine elocution. This elocution was polished into tameness and exceeding scholarship by Quin, until the stage was classicalised into a pulpit for mere speech-making. Men admired; they could do no other; for the intention was allowed to be orthodox, and it was supported by classical authority; all the dullards of the time that made its literature writ for it. What a glorious time for Grub-street, when dull poems were passed upon the public for dramas, and the actors were mere readers of blank verse. We have but to look into the tragedies of this period to be informed of the stilted reign of the classic drama; when translations of Voltaire and the school he sprung from, usurped the place of Shakspeare. Men, we say, admired all this; but they went to sleep; they talked politics between the acts of *Cato*, and composed themselves into a snooze when the performance recommenced. But David Garrick suddenly appeared among them. No—not among them, but at a minor theatre at a distant part of London; and the inhabitants of St. James's were seen to go in crowds to that, to whom unknown locality, Wellclose-square. The two classic temples were empty, and the Royalty was full? From what? From the attraction provided by the original view of human nature furnished to the play-goer by an insolvent wine-merchant, who had taken to the stage after some six months study in his desert of a counting-house; in which study nature alone had been his model, incognisant of all those conventionalities of the stage, that he would have been compelled to adopt had he prefaced his London experiment by a long apprenticeship to provincial routine.

The effect of this upon the public was instantaneous; away went the classicists, and away went Quin, their high priest. The bad poems, called plays, still continued, for the literary portion struggled to maintain the existence of a system upon which their individual existence depended; but the actor was not identified with any of their productions, and Shakspeare, on whose excellence his fame was built, recommended his ascent to the pinnacle of appreciation at which he is now placed. It appears that Garrick was satisfied with the revolution that he had accomplished, by introducing natural acting in the place of artificial or rhetorical speech-making; for we do not find that he did much for the stage in respect to costume; and we know that he was contented to act *Macbeth* in high-heeled shoes and a bag wig. His reputation was conquered at once, and by storm; and he retained it rather by continual intellectual effort, in his own person, than by attention to the accessories that assist in promoting the deception of the scene. But the same generation may not be taken by storm twice over; they get guarded against surprise, and will take time to consider before they award their approbation to the next candidate. Therefore is the town to be taken alternately by sap and assault; and we find that the latter was the Kemble mode of attack; after his sister, the great Siddons, had failed in the first. Then a new species of excellence took possession of the stage, made up rather of extreme painstaking as a whole, that endeavoured at the completeness of a work of art, which would bear the closest examination and that broad brilliancy in parts that gets effect from carelessness at times. Thus was the reputation of Siddons and Kemble a gradual affair. Their conception was not a whole at first; but the bit by bit accomplishment of intense study. When the conception was complete in its manner in the mind, the means of its development were still a study, and all the advantages of accessories were called in to aid it. Scenery and costume were had recourse to, and the personal advantages of the two artists no doubt mainly suggested the character of conception they selected. It was that which allowed more enlarged use of those personal advantages, and quietness, repose, and graceful attitude made a considerable portion of its ingredients. The Roman features of John Kemble caused the selection of *Coriolanus*, *Brutus*, *Cato*, and these were not acted upon the stage as men, but as Romans, the word Roman at that time representing an abstract idea of a magnificent looking stoic, that was not governed by the same sensations as common mortals. The notions of the ancients were taken from their statues and their poems, rather than their history; and they were put on the stage rather to speak proverbs than to utter the thoughts of men. Thus grew up a new school of conventionality; for he that played *Cato* by choice was not fitted for *Richard* or *Othello*. *Cato* we know to be far above such a prejudice as jealousy. But this reputation, acquired, as it were by sap, and seeming to present such good reasons for everything, pervaded every portion of the drama, and all actors for a considerable period, with, perhaps, the exception of George Frederick Cooke, were either imitations of the Kemble manner, or so influenced by it as to belong to it in classification. Thus, all those peculiarities that suited the physical advantages of the leading actor became conventionalities to the drama, and models for those whose personal fitness would not

have suggested their adoption; and we thus had many characters invented in which John Kemble's appearance became the excuse for much that has not kept upon the stage since he left it; such, for instance, as *Penruddock*, in the *Wheel of Fortune*; *Octavian*, in the *Mountaineers*, &c., &c.; and theatrical matters were settling down into their ancient dulness, when the town was again taken by storm in the person of Edmund Kean. Existing conventionalities were sent at once to Hades upon the appearance of the new meteor. The classical and literary, who were again usurping the direction of natural feeling, and teaching people to admire by rule, and applaud by precedent, after a feeble attempt to resist the intruder, were scattered to the four winds, and a new era in acting commenced. The Kemble school was no more the model; and along with its stiffness, which the imitators had substituted for its refinement, was swept away much that it would have been advantageous to retain. The new mannerism of electric effects and intervals of inattentiveness, that could only be successfully assumed by the genius by whom it was invented, introduced the class of stage-roarers, bullies of the drama, that made acting to consist simply of stunning *forte* and whispered *piano* brought into extravagance of contrast; and the new conventionality was getting as offensively impertinent as the late had been monotonously sententious. This, be it understood, does not apply to the chief of either party, but to the conventionality that was founded on their styles.

Thus are we at the present time. We want something new. We have much excellence upon the stage; but it is not original excellence. It is conventional excellence that the time has passed by. Our acting is not suggested by the period in which we live. It may be as good of its kind as any of the styles to which it belongs; but there is not enough newness in the style, to satisfy the exactions of playgoers. Some of Mrs. Butler's performances have been as near perfection in the manner of her family, and of the time when that family made its reputation, as it is in the power of mind to conceive; but it does no longer astonish as well as satisfy. What, then, would we have? We cannot undertake a reply to this question; but we can point out two specimens of a new dramatic view of nature, that seems to indicate the time's necessity—Jenny Lind, and Rose Cheri. We believe that the drama is much influenced by the opinions of a people, on other matters, and if we look to art, in its present phase of progress, represented by exceeding textural finish and naturalness of composition, and look again at our literature, that now almost embodies itself in Charles Dickens, whose peculiar excellence is clothed in a similar minuteness of detail, and the same descriptive completeness, we shall find that the two dramatic artists we have named, have more in common with those qualities than any other. There is a new draft upon nature required among actors. The conventionalities of the stage must be entirely got rid of, and a return to the inartificialness of pure sensation, unalloyed by the fancifulness of any, must now be the study of those who would hope to disturb the drama, from the stagnation that corrupts it.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

DESIGNS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB-HOUSE.—No. 3.

HAVING prepared our readers to expect from us another paper on this subject, we will not detain them by impertinent apologies for prolonging our notice. Accordingly, we resume our comments at once by pointing to No. 59, another anonymous production, as being equally, or in some respects, still more, remarkable for its plan, although not so well arranged upon the whole. The entrance was placed at the angle of the two fronts, which was curved off, within a break, and presented externally a small Corinthian loggia of three open inter-columns, forming within a perfect circle about 23 feet in diameter, with twelve columns. From this open rotunda the vestibule was carried diagonally across the plan, so as nearly to meet the corridor leading to the coffee-room in the rear building; thereby greatly abridging, in comparison with some of the other plans, the approach from the street to that room. Another advantage resulting from this peculiarity of plan was, that it enabled the architect to introduce between the two drawing-rooms on the upper floor, a circular room over the loggia, which commanded a very desirable view of both streets. So far all was exceedingly good—we may say excellent,—and the sections of this design, or at any rate, of that portion of it, must have been particularly interesting. On the other hand, there were some disadvantages, one of them being, that the morning-room, placed in the East front, was necessarily much more limited in its length than it otherwise might have been, owing to the oblique direction of the entrance corridor, which cut off an angle of the space in that portion of the plan. Again: although the circular loggia was exceedingly tasteful as well as novel in idea, it being no higher than the ground-floor, the order was necessarily small. Elegance there was, but importance was wanting. And this remark applies to the exterior generally; for though the elevations showed considerable study as well as taste, the features were on a smaller scale than would befit a building of the class in such a situation; while, owing to the angle of the two frontages being cut off, the Pall-Mall front, for which greater extent is to be desired, was considerably reduced in breadth. Under other circumstances, or as a villa, much might be made of that design; but it was not exactly suited for a piece of street architecture; nor sufficiently palatial in character for an aristocratic club-house. This last objection has been urged by the *Builder*, against No. 38 (E. B. Lamb); but, without attempting to explain what its own idea of the "palatial" is. Most assuredly that design was not at all in the Buckingham Palace style; for it was marked by great nobleness of manner, by singular unity of composition, and by both richness and boldness of details, most of which displayed original thinking, and all of them, the feeling of the artist as well as the study of the architect. To all which merits were added those valuable qualities, breadth and repose,—qualities in which most of the other designs—even the best of them were deficient. Loftiness there certainly was, for this design showed a grandiose mass, very little, if at all less than eighty feet high from the pavement in Pall-Mall, that front being about one-third higher than wide. We know not whether Blenheim answers to our contemporary's idea of the "palatial;" we suspect not, or he would have discovered in No. 38 much of Van-

brugh's energy and greatness of manner, with a copiousness and refinement as to forms and detail, which that master seems never to have aimed at, or even thought of. There was another design—we regret that we are unable to point it out by its number in the list—which bore some general resemblance to No. 38, in its composition and in the mode of grouping the windows; but the resemblance served only to make the disparity between the two productions all the more striking, and, to confirm us more strongly than ever in our opinion, that as much depends upon the treatment of style as on style itself. Mere normal correctness will never bring out the better qualities and capabilities of any style. As well might we hope to write poetry by means of a grammar and dictionary, as to produce an artistic composition in architecture by the ordinary process of concocting a design out of a bit of this, and a bit of t'other. In No. 38 there was perfect consistency, the interior being of a piece with the exterior, yet though of a piece with it, had suitable distinction of character, and was most pleasingly diversified in its parts. The sections, which, in this case, happened to be shown, displaying a series of well imagined designs for all the principal rooms, some of which would have formed most excellent subjects for perspective views. This set of drawings was not advantageously placed, it being hung just where a projecting pier in the room threw a deep shadow on the wall; owing to which unfavourable circumstance it was, probably, passed by almost unnoticed by the gentlemen of the club. It is strange that a production of such quality should not have obtained one of the premiums. And yet, upon reflection, we do not see how the club could, with any decency, have bestowed the second premium upon it, supposing the first still to have been given as it now is. To select for their marked approbation two designs that manifested almost the opposite extremes of taste and ability, would have been a startling contradiction; whereas, now the club have shown their consistency, at any rate by selecting for the premiums, two that are exceedingly well matched, the one being almost twin brother to the other in point of *petitesse*, and namby-pamby mediocrity. Let us be just; the club have shown by their choice, if not very much taste or *nous* most admirable consistency.

Of the other designs which most attracted our notice, we must now speak more briefly. No. 23 would scarcely have engaged our attention at all but for Mr. Salvin's name—which name was affixed to such an exceedingly poor production as to cause us equal disappointment and surprise. We did not suppose, indeed, that Mr. Salvin possessed any peculiar *forte* in Italian composition; taking him to be, on the contrary, wholly unpractised in that style; still if only as a consequence of his affection for the Elizabethan (in which style he is said to have sent in a very striking design for the Carlton Club-house), we should have imagined that if he took up the first-mentioned style at all, he would treat it with some degree of gusto, giving us something at least rich and piquant, though partaking perhaps of grotesqueness. Even sheer grotesqueness would have been preferable to the insipidity and vulgar Cockneyism of that performance. Having succeeded no better, Mr. Salvin would have done well to withhold his name, as with infinitely less reason has been done by the author of No. 23. The last-mentioned design, which we

heard attributed first to Mr. Mocatta, and afterwards to Mr. Railton, was a sufficiently striking yet very unequal composition. It differed most widely from the two premiated designs, if in nothing else, in the paucity of its windows, of which it showed only one row above the ground-floor, with no more than five windows in the longer front, and three in the other. From this, it might be supposed, that the whole must have presented a somewhat blank appearance; instead of which it was rich, if not exactly crowded also, to excess at any rate, in the upper part, namely, the order and attic above it, where there was a most injudicious profusion of sculpture and other decoration—injudicious, if only because it must have positively startled the club by its prodigality. Putting both cost and suitableness for the occasion out of the question—it was excessive. Above the upper floor windows the whole may be said to have been actually embossed with sculpture, it being filled in with figures immediately over the windows, and in the frieze of the entablature; again, in the pannels of the attic, besides all which there were small caryatid Victorias introduced as cantilevers in the cornice. If it is not to be denied that decoration was here at least consistently kept up, it was carried to such degree as to destroy repose, and moreover throw the lower part of the elevations out of keeping with the upper. It is curious to observe how apt architects are to run into extremes; either to mistake the absence of all ornament, or even of finish, for simplicity, and accordingly serve up to us the merest water gruel of design, or else accumulate ornament upon ornament till the fabric is almost concealed by its embellishments. The perspective view accompanying this design was one of the best, if not the very best drawing of that kind—admirably drawn, and touched in a most masterly manner. No. 35, by Messrs. Allom and Cross, had also the advantage—no inconsiderable one—of being ably represented in the perspective. As to the design itself, however, it did not answer to what we expected from Mr. Allom, for it amounted to no more than a passably fair specimen of Italian, without much novelty of any kind. One irregularity there was which, although we are no rigid precisians, we think would have been better avoided; the Pall-Mall front having only single columns, and the other coupled ones. We were far better satisfied with the interior views, especially that of the corridor, which, though sober in its architecture, was a very effective bit, and formed a pleasing scenic vista. Yet we doubt if it was quite so matter-of-fact as it ought to have been, for it impressed us as being of greater extent than the plan warranted, a sort of imposition—but we will say no more on that head.

In No. 40 (J. Johnson), it was not at all difficult to recognize the architect of the neighbouring building erected last year at the corner of Charles-street, in the square. It showed the same taste for a great diversity of features, amounting almost to an assemblage of studies either from different buildings, or for different designs, yet though many of the parts were clever as such studies, the whole was not so well studied as could be wished. The architect's ideas appeared to have come upon him somewhat tumultuously, leaving him no time for selection. The perspective view belonging to this design was, like that of No. 25, an admirably executed drawing. No. 41, which declared its authorship pretty distinctly, did not please us so well as some other things we have seen by Messrs,

Wyatt and Brandon, for there was more of mere prettiness about it than beauty; while for a club-house something like nobleness is or should be a *sine qua non*. As to the plan we cannot speak, and as to the four small interior views, they seemed to us to denote but very so-soish taste, and the rooms shown in them to be of too low proportion.

No. 44, by Mr. Owen Jones, might very well have found favour at Brighton when George the Fourth was King—or rather, when he was the Prince. In the same atmosphere as the Pavilion, its eccentricity would have been tolerable; but in Pall-Mall it would have had nothing to keep it in countenance, unless some of the Gothic designs produced for the same purpose had been carried into execution there also. The plan was almost as eccentric as the style; at any rate, the cutting off an angle of the building, and thereby lessening the Pall-Mall front, and spoiling two rooms within, partook of arbitrary whim. Even supposing that it was particularly desirable to obtain a window exactly at the corner of the two streets, the architect ought most assuredly to have formed the rooms there into some regular shape, when in endeavouring to remove deformity, he would have had a chance of hitting upon some equally happy and fresh idea. No. 50 was spoken of by us last week; so we pass on to No. 57 (G. Alexander), which was eminently entitled to be considered a specimen of columniation, for in addition to super-columniation (*viz.*, a Doric and Ionic order crowned by an attic order), all the inter-columns were filled in with Venetian windows and their columns, to the number of nine of them on a floor in the longer front, and five in the other. The composition, therefore, so far resembled the loggia of the Basilica at Vicenza.

Whether that precedent would have propitiated Mr. Gwilt, or whether Mr. Alexander cares a fig for either Mr. Gwilt or his opinions, we know not; but that critic has anathematised Holkham on account of the frequency of its Venetian windows, which he declares to be so often repeated (there are seven of them in one of the fronts) as to be "actually disgusting!"

Further than this, we will not attempt to continue our comments, for our notes begin to fail, and our space is becoming contracted. But, by way of general recapitulation, we may observe that, out of the sixty-nine designs, twenty-five—and some of those of more than the average merit—were anonymous. To say the truth, the average fell below the standard of our anticipations. The greater part of the names were comparatively obscure ones—at least, unknown to ourselves; nor, those of Tattersall, and Fowler and Fisk, excepted, are they likely to become more generally or more advantageously known in consequence of the competition, the entering which at all must have been actual desperation on the part of many, unless they built their hopes upon the utter ignorance and thorough bad taste of the club. As to the club themselves, they managed matters very imprudently, beginning at the wrong end, and putting the cart before the horse, by deciding first and exhibiting the designs afterwards. If they would still have come to the same decision, or if they are now determined to abide by their present choice, it matters not; but we are of opinion, and most others appear to be so likewise, that the result would have been very different had the contrary course been pursued. Such course, it must be confessed, has

never yet been adopted. So far from it, that even an exhibition of the designs at all is of exceedingly rare occurrence in the history of competitions. Yet the very circumstance of an exhibition *de premiere instance* having never been tried by us, is, to ourselves, a very strong argument in favour of the experiment being made, if only for experiment's sake; and the Army and Navy Club would have gained credit in many ways, had it ventured to originate a precedent of liberality and discretion. Inexperienced in such matters themselves—and they now seem to plead inexperience as their best excuse—it would have been but mere discretion in them to have sounded the opinions of others previously to coming to a fixed determination among themselves. Though as to fixed determination, that seems as far off as at first, if there be truth in what is now rumoured; namely, that there is to be a second competition, limited to only six from among the original competitors, those included who obtained the premiums. If such be really the case, if only four other competitors, besides the two *successful* ones, are to be admitted, we must call it rather unjust; for there certainly were more than four other designs which were very much better in every respect than Nos. 28 and 55. Neither would there be any particular justice in affording another chance of success to those parties whose *success*, so far from satisfying the club, has reduced them to the necessity of revoking their decision. Surely, the club have sufficient experience—well paid for experience, too,—of those parties already. No; let them now choose six fresh competitors from among those who showed themselves better entitled to premiums in the first instance; and, if disposed to behave handsomely, they would agree to pay a moderate sum—say, £50 a-piece—to the authors of the five designs which must, of necessity, be again set aside. While such additional sum for designs would not ruin the club, those who were invited to try again ought to be able to prepare for the second occasion with the certainty of obtaining some little, though inadequate, remuneration for their double labour.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from our last.)

No. 471, *Portraits of the Misses Napier, and Mrs. Philip Miles, Daughters of His Excellency the Lieut. Governor of Guernsey*; T. Mogford. A group of four very beautiful female heads, cleverly varied in view, and having much individuality of expression. The fair-haired lady has a purity of sentiment in her aspect, that is seldom equalled in what is called ideal composition.

No. 472, *The St. Gotthard's Pass—A Scene at Giornico, on the Ticino, Italy*; W. Linton. A very fine landscape as to composition. The foreground, however, might be more truthful in detail. Mr. Linton having for so long a period devoted himself to the production of historical landscape, has let conventionality do some harm to his accuracy of perception. But the period in which we live insists upon the truth, and the whole truth.

No. 473, *Portrait of a Lady*; J. Miller. Quiet and inartificial; but much advantaged by its simplicity.

No. 479, *Portrait of Himself*; J. K. Hunter. A powerfully painted head. The costume in which the artist has painted himself is something singular. We mistook the portrait for an intellectual shoemaker. There is a spice of radicalism ever and anon discoverable in Scottish art.

No. 482, *Summer*; H. W. Stewart. A young

girl seated in the broad sunshine, a picture very beautiful for colour; besides being well-drawn, and as far as we can judge, on the height at which it is placed, well painted. We do not know Mr. Stewart; but this picture assures us that he is an artist of whom we shall hear again.

No. 483, *Portrait of Henry E. Hoole, Esq., Green Lane Works, Sheffield—Presented by his Workmen*; J. G. Middleton. A good portrait of the man; and, moreover, a character of countenance that indicates so much of the milk of human kindness, as accounts for the circumstance that produced the painting of the picture.

No. 484, *The Christian Church during the Persecutions of the Pagan Emperors of Rome*; E. R. Pickersgill. Certainly the best picture we have seen by the artist; and also one that gives an earnest of much better to come. The scene is in the interior of a catacomb, in which a congregation of early Christians have met to hear the word. The centre of the picture is occupied by the preacher, whose figure intercepts, or nearly so, the light of the lamp that illuminates the group. In face of the holy man, who looks towards the spectator's left, are seated an old man, who listens, with an expression of alarm, to some noise without. His elder daughter supports upon her bosom the cheek of a younger sister, who seems to look up to heaven with an ideality of enjoyment, as contemplating the happiness of the change her fragile delicacy seems to intimate as not far distant. The thought of this accounts for the grief and attentiveness of her elder. In the front sits a young mother, who leans forward over the infant sleeping in her lap, addressing herself to a symbol of the crucifix she holds in her hand. Behind her is seated a blind cripple leaning upon his crutch. And beyond is the face of a young girl. The right hand background represents the ascending stairs, that leads from the vault, at the top of which, and on the side wall, there are shadows of persons that intercept the daylight. A man points upwards, and directs the attention of another to the intruders; another is in the act of drawing a sword, but is withheld by an alarmed female. Between this group and the spectator is a mother, who presses her child to her bosom; and the immediate foreground is occupied by a female, who, having caught the alarm, has turned quickly round towards the cavern entrance. The great recommendation of this picture is the perfection with which it tells its story; and its chief deficiencies are occasional incorrectness in design, a certain coarseness of manipulation, and a want of truth in light. The head of the female who arrests the drawing of the sword is very beautiful, although the model is something Keepsakeish. The woman who embraces her child, we think to have seen before in some "Massacre of Innocents"; but if it is a plagiarism, it is so well managed that we forgive it. The body of the fair-haired female near the light is much too long, and the head of her sister is too small; while the old man should have been complimented with something more of intellectuality, if only for the credit of the early Christians. The foreshortening of the babe asleep is incorrect, and besides various disproportions, there is, moreover, a mannerism in the hands.

No. 485, *Village of Argel, Valley of the Laavanan Pyrenees*; W. Oliver. A brilliant landscape, in style that might be improved into excellence without altering an intention.

No. 486, *Shrine of the Sepulchre Eglise, St. Florentine, Ambroise—peasants and pilgrims at devotion*; J. C. Robinson. By some strange mis-treatment, the peasants and pilgrims are less alive in appearance than the carved figures of the shrine. With more truth of finish in the pilgrims, the shrine would be improved.

No. 488, *The Miller's Boat*; F. R. Lee, R.A. Many of the early masters in landscape entrusted the execution of the figures introduced into their compositions to the hands of those to whom figure-painting was not a difficulty. Their works, no doubt, gained much by the contrivance. There is very much of the beautiful in this landscape, but the figures are most disagreeable to look upon, and destroy any attempt at deception in every

other part of the picture. That uncomfortable bit of red is there to tell us it is all make-believe.

No. 490, *The Fair Maid of Perth and the G'ee Maiden listening at the dungeon-wall of the Duke of Rothsay*; R. S. Lauder. A splendidly-managed composition, both as to line and colour; the flesh deliciously painted. Indeed, as far as painting and colour goes, every part is most satisfactory. We have only to regret the remindment, here and there, of a certain amount of inexactness in proportion that will not assemble these well-painted and well-drawn details in reasonableness of relationship to each other. The heads of both the figures are too small. There is, however, almost enough of other qualities to make the picture a most desirable acquisition. There is a rich melody of colour throughout that is not the result of mere tact, but is founded upon the theory that has had experiment for an instructor.

No. 491, *View of Mole Shabod, North Wales*; T. Danby. We are glad to find this artist quitting his will-o'-the-wisp of ideality that has so long lured him from the true path of imitative art into the imagination of strange effects instead of learning to observe the true ones. This is a very beautiful picture, quite as original in style as any among the most eccentric of the artist's productions. Here is the perception of the painter, that produces its own individuality of observation, and represents the truth it sees without a bit of — shall we say the word? — yes; why not? — HUMBUG about it. A picture like this does more for Mr. Danby's reputation than a score of the eccentric conventionalities that his pencil has lately perpetrated. Here we have all the imitative qualities of a landscape, endowed with a solemnity of sentiment that arrests the mind to think and imagine for itself.

No. 489, *Hastings, from under the East Cliffs*; J. D. Harding. Mr. Harding improves rapidly as an oil painter. This picture contains much truth, and with more of textual finish in the foreground group of still life, its value would be greatly increased. If Mr. Harding watches the signs of the times, he will find that in everything else there is an inquiry going on that is satisfied with nothing less than exactness of reply. In our light literature, minuteness of detail is the leading feature; this is also necessary in painting, and those who produce the greatest amount of exactness in definition will be the most popular.

No. 498, *Lincolnshire Scenery*; F. R. Lee, R.A. This is, perhaps, the best of Mr. Lee's contributions. The sky is beautifully imagined. In fact, the picture contains every quality but textural handling. In this it is deficient.

No. 499, *Going out to the Chase*; H. Jutsum. A very pretty little upright, of an avenue leading to a Tudor mansion, finely coloured, and harmoniously composed. This has everything but manipulation; and that is only in parts deficient. With more of textual finish in the page, horse, and hounds, in the foreground, this picture would be a gem.

No. 511, *The London Road a Hundred Years ago*; T. Creswick, A. A very finely composed picture, illustrative of the ups and downs that our great-grandfathers submitted to in their pilgrimages to the metropolis. Here we have the road meandering in the most picturesquely manner possible, as if it were a principal intention in the traveller to make an accurate survey of the country he passed through. This had no doubt its charms when the traveller was not in a hurry; but as travellers are always in a hurry the charms were greatly slighted. Mr. Creswick's fine textureness of touch is most satisfactory, we never doubt his meaning, and the picture is always viewed at its proper distance. The air, distance, water, broken ground, shrubs, foliage, and sky of this picture mutually support and countenance each other. There is no part that accuses the other of deficiency; while the foreground episode is of itself a poem. There is a young girl with her trunks and hat-boxes about her, taking leave of her aged parents previously to embarking her humble fortune in the wagon that has just succeeded in mounting the hill beyond, and is waiting the re-

covey of the tired horses from their just-completed efforts, while the just-risen sun tips the canvass, tilt with a touch of gold. Even the dog, that hesitates with his lifted paw, to disturb the parting between the relations, has a sentiment about him, and is a trait in the picture that would be pointed to in an ancient master as evidence of *extinct refinement*. This painting is altogether a splendid production.

No. 512, *Cattle*; E. Wilks. Cleverly grouped, and well drawn.

No. 515, *The Deserter's Home*; R. Redgrave, A. A deserter has reached the home of his childhood, and is surrounded by his father, mother, sisters, and, perhaps, his wife, who are preparing for him refreshment; when they are suddenly disturbed by the hasty entrance of a boy to inform them of the approach of a party of soldiers; and, through the open door, we perceive a corporal's guard beyond, and at no great distance from the house, in the interior of which all is confusion and terror. The faces of the entire of this group are painted with all the accustomed care of the artist; that of the boy entering the door, which is in semi or reflected light, is excellent; and the still life of every part is satisfactory, both as to textual finish and atmospheric consistency; but there is a *pétitesse* in the drawing throughout. This is more particularly remarkable in the narrow shoulders of the father. The foreshortening of the arms of the boy is, on the other hand, excellent. It seems, to us, that the ground-plan of this picture is not well understood. There does not appear to be sufficient room for the three females between the table and the wall beyond. Let Mr. Redgrave do, as we have evidence that Raphael did, even in the cabinet specimen now in the National Gallery; let him prepare the cartoon of his picture completely as to drawing before he begins to paint, and then such inaccuracies would be easily remedied, that, when a picture is advanced to a certain point may be regretted, but cannot be altered. Speaking of *pétitesse*, who are intended to smoke those two minikin tobacco pipes lying on the table? were they some curiosities brought home from Liliputia?

No. 516, *Lago Maggiore, Italy*; J. D. Harding. A very beautiful landscape, full of the imaginativeness and artistic observation that characterises this painter's best water colours. No one is more happy in embellishing his pictures by the accident of grouping, and the reality that a good draughtsman enables him to confer upon his figures. They never have a how-come-you-there look about them; but seem to have as much right to be represented as the trees or buildings, and contribute materially to the costume of the whole picture. The sky in this painting seems, to us, a little eccentric. Could the tops of those mountains be seen so distinctly with the sun beyond them?

No. 517, *Portrait of the Daughter of W. O. Hunt, Esq.*; J. G. Middleton. The young lady that is seated is very nicely composed.

No. 525, *Portrait of Mr. Sheriff Kennard*; J. Wood. There is a clever reality in this portrait.

No. 526, *A Ferry on the Neva*; H. Pickersgill, jun. A cleverly composed picture of a group of Russian peasantry on the landing place of a river, the whole coloured with effect. We have some doubts of the costume. In using the term, we would not confine its meaning to the garments only, the countenance has something to do with the matter. In the boatmen we see Russians; but in the young girls, the English model is something too apparent.

No. 527, *The Sick Child*; C. Compton. A very nice picture; full of gentle sentiment, and exceedingly well painted in parts. The favourite boy is, you see, affected by some malady that threatens life, and his grandfather is reading to him from some holy book. The child is praying under the old man's instructions, while his sister turns her face to the window to conceal from him the tears with which her eyes are filled. In a room beyond, seen through an open door, the family are assembled, and the feelings of the

mother are apparent. There is a fine perception of light and shade throughout this picture, and, we hope to see much more by Mr. Compton, whose name, as an artist, we have not seen before. Above all things, let him draw continually until correctness is no longer an effort. Then will everything else take care of its own progress. Let him also prepare a cartoon for every picture, the best way is always the shortest.

No. 528, *Sunset in the Hills*; H. G. Hine. Clever, but something ungrateful as to subject. A mere remarkableness in effect is not always enough for a picture.

No. 529, *A Woodland Scene*; H. Jutsum. A very beautifully-composed view of a forest, with its recumbent trunks of cut-down trees and all its characteristic variety of silvan effects. The textual finish of this picture is satisfactory to a certain point, and no part reproaches the rest with insufficiencies.

No. 430, *Blackberry-pickers — a lane in Devonshire*; F. Danby, A. This picture labours under the disadvantage of exhibiting more work done than effect produced. There is much evidence of industry; but the triumph of art is to disguise art, and to accomplish an end without an unnecessary exposure of the means. Mr. Danby seems to enjoy himself most when hovering about the confines of impossibility, in which but a partial accomplishment can reasonably be hoped for. The sun-tipped foliage is here indicated sufficiently to show the painter's intention, but not so sufficiently that the pettiness of handling that produces it is not an offence; particularly, when that pettiness pervades so much of the foreground treatment. Among the perspectives of landscape art the perspective of touch may not be forgotten. The picture is warm and sunlit, but broken too much, and very deficient in breadth of treatment.

No. 532, *Portrait of a Gentleman*; T. R. Lassouguere. Powerful in effect, and masterly in drawing; but not belonging in intention to our school. There seems to be a marked deficiency among the French painters in that delicacy of perception that detects the presence of prismatic variety in the flesh tints. There are three heads in this picture that are well drawn, and look at you with meaning; but the red blood does not circulate in the veins of any one of them. The picture is, nevertheless, the production of one that has purchased the right to think upon the subject, with much study.

No. 538, *A Portrait*; J. Sant. This is a singularity, from being painted in shadow. Mr. Sant is always enterprising difficulties; every new picture presenting to us the result of a new experiment. There is a vivacity in the air of this head that is pleasant; and when the artist shall have selected the kind of style he is satisfied to improve to his best of perfection, we have no doubt that something without the bounds of commonplace will be the result.

No. 539, *The Liberation of the Slaves*; H. Le Jeune. This artist has made a step in the right direction, as respects the *ordonnance* of a picture, since last year. The general composition is not unpleasant as a whole. There is some masterly drawing here and there, by the side of other that, to say the least of it, is very weak. The young man in the middle group of three is a beautiful transcript of a learnedly idealised model; but the lower portion of the female in the same group is mean and unsatisfactory, particularly the feet, which are too small. The group to the right is very *Anglica Kauffmanish*; and the child naked that plays with the doves is a bad transcript of one of the Cupids of Cipriani and Bartolozzi, that were, once, but are not, now, the fashion. The atmosphere of this picture is, as usual with the artist, a brown fog.

No. 540, *Quitting the Manse — An incident in the disruption of the Scottish Church, in 1843, when nearly 500 Ministers, for conscience-sake, gave up stipends, and manses, and social position*; G. Harvey. Perhaps there is not a picture in the exhibition that arrests more completely the attention of the spectator than this. The clergyman is standing on his door-step, supporting his aged

mother. His wife behind is in the act of locking the door; she is accompanied by four children of various ages, the eldest of whom present to us eyes inflamed by the tears with which they are still filled. There is a number of children of the neighbourhood, silently watching the departure, each having a seeming consciousness of the solemnity of the occasion that has collected them. Opposite the door are a few ancient labourers, who have doffed their caps at the appearance of their pastor; and beyond them, at the extreme left are some buxom specimens of Scottish young womanhood, who whisper to each other their regrets; the background to this being composed of some of the gentry of the plain. There is in the centre mid-distance a small car prepared for the reception of the family, by some temporarily arranged seats; and an aged servant of the house has so placed a low chair as to facilitate to them the process of ascent into the humble conveyance. Beyond, we see the ancient church. The sentiment of this picture is most complete; and with the exception of a mannerism, with which everything we have seen by this artist has been alloyed, that of disproportionately short legs; the drawing is very satisfactory. It is painted well, according to the style of the artist; being the glazing or second manner of Wilkie. The face of the wife shutting the door, is very delicately painted in a reflected light; and all the countenances possess such individuality of character, that it seems to the spectator as if he were a looker on at a fact rather than contemplating a picture.

No. 541, *A Mountain Stream*; W. West. Mr. Creswick has no sooner quitted the painting of big stones, in water when, behold, and there is another that has taken up the metier. This is a most conscientiously treated picture; there is so much of absolute truth about it, that it becomes more and more of reality as you look upon it. The water is so pure and clear that were we a teetotaller, which we are not, to look at it would be to create a thirstiness.

No. 542, *Naples*; C. Stanfield, R.A. A delightful specimen of the artist, who is now in his might. He will never surpass his this year's pictures. All we have to wish for is, now and then, a thought more of transparency in the water.

No. 543, *Napoleon at Fontainebleau*; P. Delaroche. The look of disappointed selfishness that is presented to us in this picture is its sole merit. Fleshy texture it has none; and the artist does not seem to suspect that the healthy surface of the skin indicates circulation. This is no more than the imitation of a cleverly carved head, as far as painting is concerned. The drapery without being true in texture, is simply characteristic in fold. Yet will this picture make an admirable print; for the engraver's art will furnish all that the painter's art has chosen to neglect, and Delaroche will enjoy a reputation he had not taken the pains to acquire.

No. 545, *A Cool Spot on a Summer's Day*; T. Creswick, A. We were wrong, Mr. Creswick has not discontinued to paint big stones in water. We wish he had. This picture does not equal Mr. West's in absolute truth, although it presents more of tact and power of effect as a whole. The water is not so transparent; neither is the character of forms so exact in detail.

No. 546, *Dort*; C. Stanfield, R.A. This is a delicious picture. A critic, alluding to this characteristic image of the place, inquires very innocently, "Why did not Mr. Stanfield give us some of Cuyp's sunshine in this picture?" We admire the naïveté of this demand. A picture of Dort in sunshine was painted by Cuyp, and therefore no succeeding artist must go to Dort for subject without bringing sunshine, as if the sunshine were the characteristic, not of Cuyp, but of Dort. Sunshine and Dort! We have a notion that a view of Dort is more germane to the matter without the sunshine. The critic, however, wished to tell his reader that he had seen or heard of the sunshine in Cuyp's picture.

547, *Francis Hobler, Esq., presenting to Warren Stormes Hale, Esq., Chairman of the City of London*

School, in the presence of the Rev. Dr. Mortimer, Head-Master, and Thomas Brewer, Esq., Secretary, the Deeds of Trust for Two Scholarships of £50. per Annum each, founded by Henry Beaufoy, Esq., F.R.S., for the benefit of Pupils proceeding to the University of Cambridge; E. U. Eddis. We have copied this title in full, for clever as the picture is in parts, and consequential as it is in extent of canvass, the wording of the title is more remarkable than the picture itself. How came this picture to be painted? Is it from the funds provided by Mr. Beaufoy, or Warren Stormes Hale, or Mr. Hobler? What does it commemorate, and who? In the picture, Mr. Hale occupies the place of honour; but in the title, certainly, Mr. Francis Hobler takes precedence. We do not object to painting any number of pictures; the more the better; but we would at the same time like to have attached to them the story, in such a manner that the story and the picture should go together to posterity. Had Mr. Hale done some usefulness that caused a vote of thanks, or a gold box, or a piece of plate to be presented to him, the usefulness would have been history, and have explained the picture. But here Mr. Hale is but a part of the machinery, the representatives of a passive verb, that is being done unto; while the Rev. Head-master, and the most respectable looking Secretary have still less to do with the matter. The picture merely tells that they lived at the period, which will not be very interesting when their names shall have been forgotten. The grand mujeik of the affair is Mr. Francis Hobler, his is the active verb, and though his part in the transaction is that which might have been much more pictorially effective had it been fulfilled by the postman, yet does a certain legal look upon him cause the first inquiry on seeing the picture to be—Who is that? The gentleman by act of parliament somehow or another separates himself from the rest. The habit of cracking jokes in the justice-room has stereotyped a smirk upon the countenance of the model that the artist could not comfortably translate, and the picture will become a puzzle to a future generation.

He seems to us as if presenting a statement of legal expenses to the chairman of a railway company. We have been led to calculate upon an early oblivion as to the subject of this picture, from the facility possessed by the City magnates for forgetfulness on such subjects. A few weeks back, we saw hanging up in Guildhall, a monster picture of *The Battle of Agincourt*, that from its style of art could not have been more than some forty or fifty years old; we made inquiries in every one of the numerous offices connected with the building, and there was not one among the most aged of the functionaries who could tell why or when it had been painted. In fact it was a mystery to all. We fear that this picture will be a mystery in a shorter period.

No. 556, *The Italian Goatherd*; W. D. Kennedy. There is no mystery in this. A bevy of Italian ladies have been tempted by a cool solitude in a hot day to doff their garments and indulge in the luxury of a bath *al fresco*. In the midst of their enjoyment, and no doubt attracted by their playful shoutings, a truculent looking half savage, in the capacity of a goatherd, suddenly appears before them. It is difficult to say which are the most astonished, the interloper or the damsels; their expressions, however, may not be confounded, for theirs is alarm and his seems to intimate occasion for it. There is much humour in the situation that is just at the edge of propriety. It is the best specimen we have ever seen by the artist; and is, indeed, for the most part, a very beautiful picture for any one. The group of beautiful females that are clustered at one end in their demi-drapery of rich and variegated silks and satins, contrast effectively with the burly but stupid-looking ogre at the other. The picture possesses, moreover, the charm of a beautifully-painted landscape, that vies in richness with anything in the exhibition. It has, however, the fault, that those parts that demanded the greatest attention have been the least cared for. The goatherd is painted far better than the ladies. The artist has had an admirably-selected model for the one, so well

adapted as, it is very probable, to have suggested the subject; while, the others he has painted *con amore* from imagination. This is to be regretted; for it is a blemish in, otherwise, a capital picture.

No. 557, *On the Gulf of Spezzia*; G. E. Herring. A very nice picture, broad in effect, that a little more of labour would have much improved.

No. 558, *Rue de la Tuille, Rouen*; T. S. Boys. Clever and true for a French town on a fine day.

No. 572, *Passing Storm on the Thames*; A. W. Williams. Clever, but a little hard and black in effect.

No. 573, *Shades of Evening*; H. J. Townsend. This is a very finely composed landscape, that conveys on Mr. Townsend at once very high rank in the department. There is so much of power, and breadth of effect that may only be produced by intention in this picture as to claim for it a position as a high art production. The figures are truly assistants to the entire sentiment; never injuring its breadth of effect.

No. 586, *A Seaman's Farewell*; F. Danby, A. Here we find Mr. Danby has been playing at the edge of the sublime until he has tumbled over head and ears into the ridiculous. In spite of some cleverness and a great deal of effort, this is a comical picture that the artist should never have painted.

No. 590, *Meditation*; A. Melville. A great deal too much like "The Forgotten Word," by Mulready.

No. 592, *The Death of Paul Dombey*; F. T. Baynes. This picture has all the *mechanique* of the subject, but there is not the sentiment belonging to it. Paul Dombey's hair is like that of a girl; and, where is "the golden light that came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together?"

No. 593, *Interior of a Cottage*; G. Hardy. Singularly laboured in detail, and altogether a successfully accomplished interior, excepting as regards the flesh, which is very bad, indeed. We have not much veneration for the intention in this picture, and would rather see the same amount of labour bestowed upon something that was of more consequence when finished. The textural finish of still-life is a remarkable evidence of patience and painstaking.

No. 599, *Refreshing the Weary*; R. Hannah. This is the work of an artist with whose name we are not familiar, and we cannot resist surprise at finding so accomplished a painter break, as it were, at once upon us; and, without the preface of probation, coming out at the top of fulfilment. In broad, bold textural treatment he gives way to none in the exhibition. In drawing he is admirable throughout; and in ground-plan and perspective, he is equally efficient; while, in the mechanism of design, his cleverness must at once be acknowledged; but either he tells a story badly, or he has none to tell, and in endeavouring to connect the scattered links of his composition, we are not sure but that we are drawing largely upon our own invention instead of divining his meaning. The first appearance would indicate that the painter had seen an elderly potboy bestow a pint of his master's porter upon a thirsty urchin that he had met in the street, and had made a sketch thereof. Father Matthew would have anathematised the pot-boy for so instructing the young idea; but that he would perceive the pump-handle has been chained to the pump at the edge of the picture; and we come at once to the moral of the tale; viz., chaining up pumps encourages a consumption of malt liquor. There is a little girl who looks hard at the pint pot to which her brother is so successfully paying his addresses, and seems to wait impatiently her turn with the philanthropic dispenser of the restorative beverage. This suggested to us the notion of a family; and, encouraged to look farther, we espied a piece of a mother seated behind the pump, and farther still we saw a taller girl than either of the children in front, showing, the direction on a card or letter to some good sort of people that are endeavouring to decipher somebody's hieroglyphics, upon the explanation of which depends the dinners of these houseless wanderers. We are not prepared to bet the odds

upon this, reader, but, to the best of our judgment in the matter, this is the entire material of circumstance upon which a very excellently painted picture, so facing the light, in the octagon room, that you can from no point see the whole of it together, is constructed. We hope soon to see the masterly handling and carefulness of composition of Mr. Hannah connected with a subject of more exalted sentiment than the one before us.

No. 606, *Portrait of Robert Mannerling, Esq.*; A. Solomon. A well painted head, and finished interior.

No. 609, *A Village School*; A. Provis. This artist seems quite satisfied to do the same things over again the same way.

No. 610, *A Highland Whiskey Still*; R. R. McIan. A very effective bit of Highland costume by Mr. McIan. It is painted with more than his usual care; and is very characteristic.

No. 613, *Elgiva*; J. E. Millais. There is nothing more dangerous to an artist than a supposed precocity. Ill-judged praise impels a youth that shows an early disposition to excel, to attempt the accomplishment of works for which his education has not prepared him, and while he should be acquiring his A B C, he is writing epic poems, wonderful for his years, but not positively good. This young artist bids fair to be an eminent example of the mischief that arises from such a process. Every picture shows an advance in the mechanism of his art. All that which the habit of painting gives to the fingers he is in a fair way to acquire; but in drawing he is making no advance whatever. In this picture the head of Elgiva is very beautiful; and here and there a female hand or arm is well painted, but the male figures are mean in character and incorrect in detail. One head is not sufficient to make a composition picture tolerable when accompanied by the numerous deficiencies that are assembled in this canvas. "Wonderful for his years," is a sort of praise that evaporates as years increase, and what is now admired in such respect, may, after all, be very mediocre as to positive merit. We see that a great deal has been done, but we see nothing promising in this picture.

No. 614, *Solitude - Composed from Nature*; J. Tennant. A very clever picture, badly placed; but Mr. Tennant can solace himself with the consciousness of having taken care of No. 1 in Suffolk street.

No. 621, *Remains of St. Benedict's Abbey, on the Norfolk Marshes - Thunder Storm clearing off*; H. Bright. We had looked in vain about the three rooms, for a painting by this artist, and were something disappointed at not meeting with a fair specimen of his progress; here, however, we discover an excellent picture that would challenge comparison with any, in a place in which it is impossible to fairly appreciate its numerous excellencies. It is a large composition, full of all the peculiar richness and breadth of colour for which the artist is every day becoming more celebrated.

No. 655, *A Scene on the South side of the Vale of Ecclesborne, near Hastings*; H. B. Willis. This is a very nice picture, beautifully touched in the foliage, and broad and effective in composition.

No. 656, *The Casement*; J. F. Hankes. This is much better in its painting than its drawing.

No. 657, *A Dutch Market - with effects of Candle-light and Moonlight*; P. Van Schandal. This picture defies the hangman, for it carries its light along with it. There is a stall belonging to a dealer of wild-fowl, in the foreground, that is illuminated by a lamp that seems to light that part of the room in which the picture is hung. The face of the dealer herself is extraordinary for manipulative excellence; and the figure of a housewife that passes the statu is admirably painted, in reference to gradation of brilliancy as it leaves the light. The rest of this picture owes its understandableness to the moon's rays. This is, indeed, a very clever specimen of the school, in spite of a little too much of smoothness

for texture; and is the best picture we have seen by the artist.

No. 666, *Instruction*; T. Webster, R.A. This is an instance of self-devotion on the part of the artist. He, one of the hanging committee, has hung his own picture in the vituperated apartment, in the codicil to the exhibition. At a late Inquiry, one of the schoolmistresses replied, "the pay is very little; but then, deary me, they don't get much." Here we have evidence to the facts, the ancient ma'am is asleep, while the sturdy little scholar is stammering through his hated lesson. He would see his way much clearer through a slice of bread and butter. The picture is beautifully painted and full of character. The head and hand of the slumbering old dame is most dexterously treated.

No. 689, *The Antiquary's Orphan*; J. Bostock. A beautiful girl is seated in a study surrounded by heaps of worm-eaten folios, rare china, precious bijouterie, and fragments of ancient armour, such as an artist would always surround himself with. She is unconsciously fingering the cover of a vase, and musing on her solitariness, and the memory of the departed; and she feels that one upon whose love she could surely count, has left the world for ever. The sentiment is pure, the drawing satisfactory, and the whole a very nice composition.

(To be continued.)

FREE EXHIBITION, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

Is the very commencement of an experiment like the present there are so many unforeseen obstacles to overcome that have not been calculated upon by the projectors, that it may not be a matter for our surprise that all has not been done that might be wished, or even that was expected. In the first place we must take into account that all revolutions are commenced by dissenters from some thing or other in existence; in fact, that they are the extreme of dissent; those in whom dissent is so strong, as to have become an impulse to an active determination to essay their own notions. Now, although a great many may be found that are objectors to an existing institution, it does not follow that they are all ready to agree in the construction of another. This has, no doubt, now been discovered, if it were not before suspected, by the promoters of this Society, as is evidenced by the change we observe in the names that compose the committee. These things considered, we give some credit to many of the parties concerned for having accomplished so much, and have, no doubt, that as artists become so familiarized with the idea as to get rid of feeling of inferiority that may be supposed to attach itself to the means by which the Society appeals to the public, a great accession of members will be the result. We do not look upon this institution in the light of an opposition to any other. We do not believe it to be so intended by the Society; and if such were the intentions, we believe that so far from injury to another exhibition being caused by this being free, the very reverse will be the consequence. Many will be introduced to the gratification by this gallery to whom the gratification will create an appetite for more, and those will be led to pay their shilling to see pictures, who never had before a desire for such a luxury. That there are some remarkable bad specimens on these walls cannot be disputed, and that, while the Society is so constituted as it is at present, such must continue to be case; for the wall is purchased by the individual, and only himself is responsible for his absurdities. Here is no favoritism, no preference, not even the preference of merit; and when we find something very bad in the sight line we must look upon it as an incurable imperfection for which nothing but poor human nature may bear the blame. But we do not see even in this an unmixed evil. A scattering of bad pictures in an exhibition that is prepared in some measure to exercise uneducated judgments has some ad-

vantages. It gives confidence to the critic. He is not confounded by a veneration that generalizes praise. The meeting with a picture that he is sure is a bad one challenges him to refuse his approbation to any without examination, and from being a mere gazer at wonders he is encouraged to analyze. He will then begin to have a respect for success in one, proportionate with the amount of failure in another, and he will suspect that imagining and producing are two things separated from each other by much labour. The miscellaneous manner in which the pictures are hung does also compel examination; for there is no place of honour by which the spectator is directed to look here and admire. Several of the diurnal critics have been a good deal puzzled by this arrangement. The *Morning Post*, for instance, not knowing its way without some indication as to what to praise, chose to be safe by falling foul of an extreme case, and made its amount of paragraph by a sort of criticism that was equivalent to informing its public that Queen Anne was dead, or that the Dutch had taken Holland. But afterwards it met a name it had heard before, and it made amends in benevolence by lauding what was not many degrees better than the thing it had been abusing. What's in a name? Why it would evidence that there is something in a name were we to tell our readers that of the critic, and of the party he had selected for his praises. This would, however, be contrary to etiquette, we therefore pass it to our task.

Nos. 1 to 6 are by J. Z. Bell. They are very various in subject; but the best, as being most complete and least sketchy, is No. 3, *A Game of Chess - Attack - Defence*. This picture is evidently not painted by a chess-player, or he would not allow that young man to rest his arm on the board while moving, neither would he make the players look so stupid as they do, nor show his spleen by that drowsy representative behind. Those who do not know chess call it tiresome, -granted, to them. It would be very tiresome to them to read a book in a language they did not understand; and those who do not understand the game of chess are in that position in its regard. It is, however, not the time to caricature the game of chess. The picture is painted with great care, and is effective in chiaro oscuro.

No. 7, *Shipwrecked People on a Raft, attacked by a Shark*; E. Biard. Here we have a rude raft supported by empty casks. In the front, a middle-aged female, in a paroxysm of fear, grasps to her bosom the form of a young girl, who appears to have fainted from fright or inanition, and whom she seems endeavouring to rescue from the attack of a huge shark, that is darting through the waters sideways, as he is preparatory to seizing on his prey, her own foot being in fearful proximity to the teeth of the animal. An ancient mariner and fellow-sufferer is, however, already at the rescue, and is aiming a well-directed blow at the monster's head that promises to spoil his appetite. Further in the raft lies a corpse, and in the distance is seen a vessel coming dead upon them; this being the drop of hope that makes the misery of the subject bearable. The composition, drawing, and entire detail of this picture is admirable throughout. It is undoubtedly the gem of the gallery, and there are few collections in which it would not form a very prominent attraction. The Society have bestowed upon it the situation in which it may be seen with every advantage, a consideration that will have its weight with foreign artists, and encourage the inspection of their works. Whether this is or is not desirable being a matter for artists themselves to think of. The shortening of the sailor that attacks the shark is one of those completenesses that conceal art by substituting the reality of nature. While looking at this picture a foreshortening appears to be the easiest accomplishment imaginable. The faces are admirable for textural finish, and so indeed is every part of the picture; all is equally satisfactory, all consistent. If we were to desire a change, it would confine itself to a little more of warmth, as telling of a latitude in which sharks are to be met with.

Mr. A. Blackley sends five examples, every individual of which cries out of want of drawing in the artist. There is, however, a crayon specimen, No. 11, *Portrait of the son of Lady Mary and Captain Vines*, that might be worse, which we cannot say of No. 12, called, a *View of Edinburgh*.

No. 13, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth;" W. S. Burton. This is a very clever little picture indeed, and by quite a new name. Full of nice manipulation and textural finish. A miser disturbed while counting his treasure by the fracture of a brick wall behind him, and the intrusion of a hand that addresses itself to remove the bolt that fastens the door. There is reality in the sentiment, with good drawing and excellent painting in this picture. The miser seems to give up every enjoyment to the contemplation of his gold. He is like Shylock; he neither eats, drinks, nor prays like a Christian, for we perceive on a shelf beyond that there is a gridiron, a bottle, and a Bible, that has been so long in disuse as to have been inclosed in a cobweb. The back ground is well painted throughout, but there are some faults we would mention. The old skinflint is altogether too clean looking and smug in appearance; the jaw from the lower lip to the chin is too short, and the hand through the door has the drawing of a grown person but the proportion of a dwarf, or it contradicts the perspective by representing the wall to be farther than it is painted to seem. There is, moreover, so much of French character in the man as to make one dream of having seen something like it somewhere.

No. 25, *Cupid pretending to be ill*; J. P. Davis. It is surprising to find so much and so little in a picture. This is not by a young artist, for the manner of the work is of a passed period, and a specimen of bygone deficiency. In every instance the shadows of the hands look like dirt.

No. 27, *The Flower of Dunblane*; The same. This head is nicely painted.

Mr. T. C. Dibdin has, in oil, water colour, and lithography, nineteen subjects. We know this artist best by his water colours; but he seems now to be modulating into oil, and may be said to be at present in the transition state. The largest of his paintings, No. 28, is a bridge and torrent, called by some impossible Welsh name; this picture, if cut off at some eight inches from the bottom would be pleasant in its tone, but the warm brown in the foreground is an ingredient that overcomes the rest and gives the whole a hue that if not hotter than nature, is hotter than select nature. The preponderance of brown is a general mannerism in this artist's oil colour pictures that injures much the freedom of drawing and attraction in composition they present. They lose a natural warmth from want of contrast to give the brown hues value, a hot colour being overcome by one still more sultry. The foregrounds are all too sketchy for the demands upon art of the time.

Mr. J. C. A. Duval has eight pictures, of sea pieces. If he had taken more pains and sent but two, the gallery and himself had been the better for it.

No. 55, *The Scotch Drover's Repast*; Alexander Frazer. Fairly composed and characteristic in expression; but the style of subject insists upon more finish than has here been bestowed.

No. 56, *The Rejected Exhibitor*; E. W. J. Hopley. A young man is looking at you across a picture on which he leans. If the rejected work was no better than this, we have the consolation of knowing that it met with its deserts.

Mr. J. Inskip has sent two pictures, one of which, No. 57, and called *Fishing Boys*, might be produced as a miracle of bad drawing in an artist who has a certain reputation for cleverness. The horizontal line is low, yet is the farthest figure's leg and thigh as high as the shoulders of the man before him. This carelessness in design is attempted to be accounted for by calling the parties boys. The most boyish is however the tallest. It is painted with all the contempt of art we are accustomed to expect from Mr. Inskip.

No. 58, *Study of a Head*; by the same, is more fortunate, and something remarkable for breadth.

Mr. W. B. Johnstone has three pictures, Nos. 59, 60, and 61; all remarkable for a determination to do something extraordinary in the way of colour; and there is sufficient of success to justify him in paying all possible attention to design. Let him draw continually, and leave his colouring propensities to take care of themselves, for they will make their way in spite of him. They rather require restraint than encouragement.

Miss Joy has five subjects, of which the most remarkable is No. 63, "She is a winsome wee thing."

Mr. J. E. Lauder has three subjects. No. 67, *An Illustration of Measure for Measure*; in which Mariana is seated, with a young page at her feet singing, and accompanying himself on an instrument. There is a breadth of mistiness in the centre of the picture that does it much harm.

No. 68, *Death of the May Fly*; the same; is something incomprehensible in story; but there is nice drawing about it. The best of the three is No. 69, *A Bacchante*. Although this is little more than an academy model, with the lower portion of her figure enveloped in a red drapery, and reaching towards a bunch of grapes, there is almost a perfect success of colour; which is only prevented by the unfortunate separation of a very blue distance into two equalities of mass. In other respects there is much to praise. The figure is in nice proportion; the whole solidly, if not delicately painted, and the feet very well drawn.

We like Mr. G. R. Lewis's water colours better than his oil paintings.

No. 77, *Hay-making*; is nice in colour, and gives much motion to the figures.

Mr. C. Lacy has six pictures. No. 78, *The First Love of Napoleon Bonaparte*. For the cubbish period of this animal's life, his countenance is too old, and he is eating cherries with a mademoiselle, who has very much the build of a matron. There is something affected in this composition, and the hands are excessively small; but the picture is, on the whole, well painted, though scarcely in the English style of treatment.

No. 79, *The Trysting Place*; the same. A damsel waiting for her young man; and a very nice little picture as to effect. The arms might be a little more refined in model; they show too much anatomy for the plumpness of youth.

No. 80, *An Allegory of the Christian Religion*; the same. The painting to the cartoon exhibited at Westminster-hall. The foreground figure, called Faith, has a solemnity about it that is satisfactory; but the boy with Charity is very faulty in proportion; as are also the head and shoulders of Hope, when compared to the length of her leg from the knee downwards. There is a long narrowness about the composition that makes it as a whole unpleasant.

No. 81, *The Interview between Milton and Galileo*; the same. Altogether a better picture than the same subject in the Royal Academy Exhibition; besides being more of a fact.

No. 89, *The Bridge of the Three Waters*, Glencoe; H. McCulloch, R.S.A. This is a very clever picture, indeed; and when seen at its needful distance, has all the textural truth of high finish. It has great foreground power and detail, and absolute truth of air in distance.

Mr. G. McDonald has four tolerable pictures, of which No. 93, *Skirts of the Forest*, proves the artist could do more if he took the pains; while No. 146, *A View on the Thames*, is very near being very fine indeed. It is a small, horizontally elongated oval; remarkable for breadth of light and shadow, and effective transparency in the water.

No. 94, *Highland Refugees on the French Coast*; Mrs. M' Ian. The sentiment of this picture is very happy; it is, moreover, well drawn and nicely composed, though, perhaps, a little too sketchy in its details.

Mrs. M' Ian has five pictures, No. 95, *Scene from the Romance of Sir Trystram*. The foreground group would be more effective if it were not so much spread; and there is an extravagance of

perspective introduced into the foreshortening of the dwarf that makes his hand deformity. The story is something obsolete, and not much assisted by the extract that is only readable to the Saxon literati.

No. 96, *Spanish Traders selling Weapons, &c., to the Highlanders of the 15th Century*; the same. This is a subject that affords much opportunity that has been neglected in this instance.

No. 97, *Herrninsel's Fireside*. This is a capital bit of costume; truthful as well as effective in chiaro oscuro. There is a reality of consistence in the atmosphere of this picture.

No. 98, *Sketch for the Picture of the Highland Feud*; the same. A Highlander seated in the bight of a rope, has descended the side of a precipice, upon the ledge of which we see a lamb and some ducks which the king of birds had levied as a contribution. At the moment of his approach to the deposit the adventurous wight is attacked by the royal pair, one of whom has seized him by what school-boys call the "scruff of the neck;" his situation is not to be envied, and how he escapes seems to us a conundrum in spite of his dairk. This has the credit of being very well told, and would, no doubt, make an exciting picture when finished.

No. 99, *Highland Whiskey Still—painted on the spot*; the same. This ought to be purchased by the Excise.

Mr. J. F. Martin, Hon. Sec., has five water-colour portraits and fancy subjects, which were not hung up while we were in the exhibition, he having most generously made room for others.

Mr. W. Oliver has nine landscapes, of which No. 107, *An Inundation in the South of France*, is a very high class production. The entire of the lower part of the picture is admirably executed; but the sky being painted in dry colour, while the ground foliage and water is much glazed, there is an absence of consistency that is a harm at present. A harm that glazing, or perhaps varnishing, may overcome.

No. 108, *Thurgell Brook, Yorkshire*, by the same, is also a very fair landscape, though of a very different character.

Mr. P. Park has contributed twelve subjects, consisting, principally, of busts of very first-rate merit; among which might be remarked that of the Hon. F. B. Macaulay, M.P.; and one of colossal size of the celebrated Adam Smith, intended for the Town Hall of Glasgow. There is, also, a very beautiful sculpture of a child covered with drapery, being part of a monumental group; and some half-sized sketches in plaster, illustrative of Walter Scott. All of these, more particularly the child, are well drawn and free from affectation in composition.

While alluding to the sculpture, we might at once mention the "Boy and Lizard," by Sharpe, which is as soft as nature itself. Indeed, it might almost be suspected that it was a cast from a very choice model.

There is also a sleeping girl, by Haydon, that will reward examination.

Mrs. Anne Paulser, a lady of whom we have heard nothing, has sent four subjects, Nos. 125 to 128. In these we have indubitable evidence of a fine perception of colour, and that there is a capability for textural finish in the artist that the basket of apples will testify. Let this lady but take the time for a picture that the class of art demands (for without high finish still-life is of no value whatever), and there is no doubt that a reputation will follow; we would not encourage her in the human figure. That lad is not equal to one of his apples.

Mr. J. Peel has nine landscape subjects; among which we prefer No. 133, *A Mountain Stream at Crany, in Warfdale*; and 136, *Bridge in Glen Rhydding, Westmoreland*. His touch for distant foliage is very happy, and his trees are, at the same time, massive in effect and light and loose in texture. We should like, however, to see more of characteristic finish in the foreground treatment. Mr. Peel may be assured the time will have it so.

Mr. T. S. Robins, a member of the New Water

Colour Society, and who may be also considered in a transition state, has five pictures, well composed but insufficient in execution, which the artist needs no ghost to tell him for we need not compare them with Vandervelde and Backhuisen, but place them beside one of his own water colours to expose their deficiencies. They are well composed, and only require increase of familiarity with the medium that is yet strange to him, when something much more to the point may be calculated upon.

Mr. R. Rothwell has eight subjects, most of which have been before exhibited; among the rest a very spirited portrait of himself and a masterly sketch of the sculptor, Gibson.

There is a nice picture, No. 153, *Piffararo*, a Roman street musician, finely painted in the upper part of the figure, but running off to a vignette effect towards the feet that is very pleasant in colour, and would be more so if complete. There are few that paint a head better than Mr. Rothwell, but he is sometimes careless of the accessories.

Mr. J. S. Stump has seven subjects, miniature and oil painting of landscapes and portraits, among which we observed a life size, half length of Liston, the celebrated operator.

The veteran, Mr. Cornelius Varley, who is chairman of the Society, has furnished fifteen subjects. One of which is a historical landscape, of large size. No. 176, *Philosophers and their Disciples, in the Vale of Tempe*, displays very considerable talent in a style of art now fallen into disuse; the other, No. 190, *Helen and the Bard, from the Lady of the Lake*, is also an imposing picture, although the artist has been something liberal in foliage for the locality.

Mr. C. E. Wagstaff exhibits seven engravings in the mixed manner of mezzotint and line: all fine; but the most remarkable is that of *The Slave Market, on the Coast of Africa*; from a picture, by Biard, that was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Mr. L. J. Wood has ten pictures of landscapes and views in continental towns. Among the latter, No. 198, *The Cathedral at Caen, Normandy*, we like the best. No. 197, *Lane Scene, on the road from Dorking to Reigate* wants but larger treatment of foreground to be very good. There are trees cut down and lying near the front that are not so large in circumference, as others in the distance. This contracts space and falsifies perspective.

Mr. T. Woodward has three pictures; all clever, but No. 208, *Cattle Reposing*, a picture of four cows in a meadow, is excellent; being rich, and Cuylke in its effect, and well drawn.

We have gone more minutely into this exhibition, from the circumstance that it was likely to be seen by many not used to such contemplation, and on whom an opinion suggested by another might have the effect of arranging rather than directing their thoughts on the matter. We have been informed that it has attracted many visitors.

THE ILLUSTRATING ARTISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In our previous notices under this head, we have endeavoured to illustrate, by example, the main features of the subject, but must own that something of that bias which—unconsciously it may be, still a bias not the less on that account—education, taste, or other cause, may induce in the mind of the most anxious-to-be-impartial critic, may have influenced our choice of examples, both as regards individuals and their peculiarities of style. Happy is the critic who never has occasion to descend to those details which are so likely to clash with some one's interest or feelings. Witness our severe "cutting up" at the hands of "Playfair;" though we really meant no offence in our strictures upon the style of George Cruikshank, and only registered an opinion. Of all disputes, those of literary men are the most injurious in their effects, witness a recent event, still fresh in the memory of all, an event which we think—with Douglas Jerrold—"one more of those painful squabbles

which are the disgrace of literature and literary men."

Though better off in this respect than literature may be found, there are too many examples of partisan spirit and prejudice among our painters, to say nothing of that confirmed mannerism of which the illustrators furnish so many examples.

During the short period which has elapsed since these papers were commenced, we have had occasion to notice another competitor in the field, of whom it would be premature to form an opinion yet; though it is not unlikely that in E. H. Wehnert we shall have a worthy follower of the more refined and characteristic of our present designers. By an oversight, which, however, it is not too late to amend; we have made no previous mention of the name of H. Anelay, whose portraits, in particular, are so excellent as to deserve especial notice. There is a certain brilliancy of execution about these works that is particularly rare in wood engraving, and which distinguishes the portraits of Anelay; witness his Elizhu Burritt, in *The People's Journal*, to the accuracy of which, as a likeness, we can bear witness.

While excellence, then, and that of no mean order, may be found abundantly scattered through the pages of our illustrated books and periodicals, there is still a degree beyond which it seems our artists are unable to attain. The highest class of subjects are rarely attempted, and when attempted, never very successfully. This is, indeed, out of the question, since few of the very first artists ever illustrate; and how few of even these are equal to a great subject! England ranks high only as a school of colour as yet; but we are progressing rapidly in design, and look forward to the day not far distant when we shall have added drawing and design to the excellence already attained.

Towards this end, illustration, if not employed on too small a scale, will assist materially, especially if pursued with greater simplicity and less working-up of detailed effect than at present. Greater knowledge among critics will induce a more thorough reliance on design; and we shall have fewer attempts to conceal weak drawing, precisely because there will be no cause for the concealment. Pursuing art for its own sake, may its followers ever bear in mind that the most continuous and zealous study and application alone can attain true excellence, though backed by genius ever so powerful. Talent may often make a clever painter; but talent alone will never make a great one.

Our literature presents a field for illustration to which few others can compare for extent and variety; the only wonder is that artists so often repeat the same subject; that every exhibition has its Juliets, Don Quixotes, and Vicars of Wakefield. Shakespeare has yet unbroken ground. Who, let us ask, has illustrated our elder novelists, excepting in a few favourite subjects? Let our painters read a little more than many of them seem to do of the literature of our native country, and there are innumerable subjects for the pencil of genius to depict on the canvass or the wood.

History, poetry, fiction, can each in turn gain a new interest when aided by the pencil; each become more real, more vividly presented to the mind—just as a lovely woman never looks so lovely as when leaning on the arm of a sister beauty for support.

II.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new comedy was produced on Monday night at this theatre, written by Mr. Robert Bell, the unfortunate author of *Mothers and Daughters*, that had been refused at Covent Garden, from the indisposition of Mr. Farren to play the principal character, which had been written for him; but was afterwards acted under Mr. Bunn's very short mis-management of that theatre, and most handsomely burked by him after its first night's success. Allowing to an actor the privilege of saying what he will and what he will not act, a liberality liable to protest,

we do not impeach Mr. Farren's judgment on that occasion. The character intended for him was rather an adaptation to some peculiarity of the actor himself than to any existing classification of humanity that would have benefitted his then fame to have become the interpreter. If, however, Mr. Bell did not take measure of his man on that occasion, he has been much more successful on the present; for we have never seen Mr. Farren to greater advantage than in *Sir Marmaduke Topple*. It was a revival of our ancient admiration for the artistic perfection, with which he can identify himself with the peculiarities of aged feebleness, whether in its physical or its mental characteristics. The creation was upon the whole a triumph for both author and actor. The next thing in effect was Mr. Webster's *Hope Emerson*, a man about town, a regular dinner-out, who may best describe himself.

Emer.—I drive a cab, certainly; but I have never been able to determine whether I keep the cab, or the cab keeps me.

Godfrey.—Well, there is something very remarkable in that.

Emer.—A cab keeps one afloat in the best society. Do you understand that? (Godfrey shakes his head.) I didn't suppose you would, Godfrey.—I think you said Godfrey? I am a strict dinner-out. No man can cultivate dining out as an art without a cab. You will see my cab sometimes for three or four hours together at a door. Some people like that. It has an air of style. Intense sky-blue, picked out with cream-colour and silver—the smallest tiger known in natural history—glazed hat—cockade—azure handkerchief—superfine black frock—white cords—the tiniest top-boots. Sure to be asked before I leave the house. If they don't ask me, I ask myself.

Godfrey.—Have you no apprehension that, if this were known, they might shut the door in your face?

Emer.—My dear friend, Godfrey, I think? everything depends upon its being extensively known. People at last begin to say, "Oh! it's his way." That's my charter. Shut the door in my face? I'd plead privilege and knock again!

Godfrey.—Unparalleled effrontery!

Emer.—Tact, Godfrey—knowledge of the world. But I don't mean to dine out all my life. I shall probably marry one of these days—when I hit upon somebody who comes up to terms.

Godfrey (aside).—The fellow is a sort of social brigand.

The masterly making up, and cool impudence assumed by Mr. Webster in this part made it, although certainly a conventionality of the stage, a very amusing portion of the piece. This, with the ancient baronet and Mrs. Chatterton Herbert, a talkative widow, made up the precious metal of the play; the rest were common-place as characters, but there was a pleasantness of dialogue that prevented the audience from becoming ill-humoured, and the play may be called successful.

In the FINE ARTS' JOURNAL the remindment is often repeated to artists, of the absolute necessity of preparing a cartoon, containing the drawing of the work, previous to the process of painting being commenced. If play-writers would apply that advice to the construction of their plot, which is outline, previously to the filling up of the dialogue, which is colour, we should, perhaps, more often see a play that was calculated to keep its hold upon the public, and be played after its first run. The plot of this comedy is feeble in the extreme, so feeble as to suggest to us that the author scarcely conceived a plot to be necessary.

The whole *embrouillement* of the piece turns upon a young gentleman being beyond his time at an appointment with a young lady of large fortune. The purpose of the meeting being no less than that of signing and sealing the marriage settlements. On his arrival the following is his excuse:

Cyril (a pause).—You will allow me to explain.

Cyril. Oh! certainly.

Cyril. I will not provoke your doubts by telling you with what speed I flew along the streets. Well! in my impetuous haste, crushing through where there happened to be a crowd, confusion arose—a carriage with a lady in it was standing at the door of a shop—the horses took fright, being uncontrolled, for the coachman was feasting his eyes on the shop-window.

Cyril. They ran away, and you ran after them.

Cyril. I was carried along by a rush of people. The lady screamed for help—I, who had caused the accident, could not look on without making an attempt to succour her. At last the horses were stopped—I extricated her—she was dreadfully agitated—knew nothing of town—her friends had gone into a shop—she couldn't tell which—a quarter of an hour was lost!—couldn't even tell the name

of the street in which she lived—five minutes more gone!—thought it was a square or crescent—I counted every second as if it were a grain of life—the crowd gathered round us more and more delay. I tried to escape—half an hour was gone!—five-and-thirty minutes!—my head began to spin—I don't know how it ended—I left her in a shop and fled—and—and—this, in fact, is my apology.

Fllo.—Which is none at all. Horses take fright every day—a hundred times a day, and if every one were to stop till they were caught, or the nerves of agitated ladies composed, the business of life would stand still. Apology!

Picture to yourself, reader, a young gentleman, a resident of Portland-place, scampering through Oxford streets like a lamplighter. It is not wonderful that the horses were frightened. Picture to yourself the coachman feasting his eyes at the shop-window. Was it a cook-shop the lady had entered? Suppose the young man entering the drawing-room breathless and heated from his exercise. We waited till he had finished his rigmarole with some impatience, and expected the lady to have said what we were inclined to say ourselves,—“Why the d—l didn't you take a cab?” We have known the time when the query would have been fatal.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mrs. Butler has concluded her engagement with this management. We hope to see her again attached to a company that will assist, not damage her performance. The starring system must, eventually, wear itself out; for there are none now acquiring the importance required for the assumption. The secondary people that pop about the provinces may keep up appearances for a time, but must, at length, sink into insignificance; while those of talent will, at length, discover that their individual importance is much aided by the respectability of the profession to which they belong.

It is announced that Mr. Macready commences on Monday next, an engagement of twelve nights, in the character of *Hamlet*. Mrs. Warner is also engaged. Will he have no other assistance?

The whisper is that Mr. Macready does not object to act with sticks; he rather likes it.

THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

LIVERPOOL.—Miss Helen Fauci's engagement having terminated at the Theatre Royal, Mrs. Nisbett and her sister, Jane Mordaunt, commenced theirs on Monday last. The fair widow, who is neither fat nor forty, was most rapturously received, and a numerous audience has nightly witnessed her admirable acting. Mr. B. Baker also made his first appearance this season on the same evening, and met with a hearty welcome. The Boleno Family may be clever, but their performance is not in keeping with the legitimate drama—what may be seen at every fair in the country is unworthy of a Theatre Royal. Mr. H. Coleman, and his stage manager, Robert Roxby, exert themselves most satisfactorily. The Amphitheatre continues its favourable career; the lessee, Mr. R. Copeland, being ever on the alert to produce novelty. Mr. Cowle and Miss A. Lonsdale have been playing with success during the week. At the Adelphi, the business still continues bad. Mr. G. Vandenhoff, who was engaged on his return from America, has not proved attractive.

EDINBURGH.—Madame Vestris and C. Mathews commenced their last engagement here on Monday last. *Used up*, *A Speaking Likeness*, and *Patter versus Clatter*, were the pieces selected for the occasion. The theatre was well attended, and the stars received with all due respect. The season will terminate on the 31st instant.

ROCHESTER.—Miss O'Hara, of the York, Salisbury, and Newcastle Theatres, takes the first business in this theatre for the remainder of the season, which has been highly prosperous, proving that the exertions of the manager has met with the approbation of the public. It will terminate on the 26th.

WORCESTER.—The season has been brought to a close, and the *corps dramatique* disbanded, a circumstance that cannot but be regretted, considering the present depressed state of theatricals.

CHICHESTER.—In our last week's number we

recorded the doings of certain managers; we have now to add to the list the *gentleman* (!) who, for some months past, has ruled, or rather misruled the destinies of the theatre. Mr. Holmes has deserted his company, leaving them (so says the bill), “plunged into difficulties,” which implies that their salaries have, for some time past, been *non est*. It is, indeed, time that some means were adopted to terminate the career of all such mushroom managers, for it cannot but be looked upon as an act of dishonesty to embark in any undertaking without one coin to rub against another. It was this same *gentleman* who lost Taunton and Newbury to the profession. Will actors never learn wisdom, and shun those who use their best means to destroy the profession?

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The theatre is decidedly thriving; the patronage of the proprietors on the 14th, produced a full house, and the pieces, *four in number*, were well acted. When Kemble and Mrs. Siddons graced the stage, they were content to have their names in the bills in no larger type than the other members of the company, relying on their talent for notoriety. Are large letters a substitute for merit, that so many of our modern actor-managers indulge in the system? or are the play-going public so ignorant as not to know good acting without the aid of a pica-fat in the bills? Charles Dillon and Henry Widdicombe ought to know better than pander to an act that would be “more honoured in the breach than the observance.”

WESBEACH.—Mr. Davenport has commenced his season with as indifferent a company as could be well collected; but Miss Davenport (in capitals), must be the feature; and, therefore, all other talent must be carefully excluded. Miss O'Neil imagined (poor unsophisticated thing) that she always appeared to greater advantage when placed in juxtaposition with good actors.

Mr. W. H. Maddocks has taken the Weymouth, Guernsey, and Jersey Theatres, *vice* Harvey, and will open at the latter place on the 7th of next month. Mr. M. is an actor of much merit, and a considerable favourite in the three towns.

Owing to the state of trade the Manchester Theatres have closed for a short period. They will re-open at Whitsuntide, when, may better success attend their efforts.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* has now been performed several times. To speak of it as a whole, we should say the performance has never been equalled; in fact, we must do the management the justice to say, they have entirely fulfilled the original engagement of producing operas in a more perfect state than has ever been attempted in this country before. The success, at present of any opera, does not, as heretofore, depend merely upon the filling up of one or two of the leading characters with great talent, but upon the general care taken, so that every part shall be efficiently represented; and for the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*, a great portion of the strength of the company has been brought into play. Grisi, Alboni, Mario, Tamburini, Marini, Tagliafico, and the subordinate characters sustained by Lavia, Tulli, Polonini, and P. Ley, altogether presented, what, in theatrical language, would be called a powerful cast. In the opening prologue, Alboni was very great in the declamatory portions, and the extraordinary manner in which Marini carried the chorus deserves all the praise we can bestow. This is in general encored. Grisi's representation of the *Borgia* is well known; she has gained triumphs on former occasions in the character; nor was there anything wanting from what she had previously achieved. Mario, however, if we may so say, gains upon each hearing:—not only is he great in the more tender scenes, but he displays a power and energy that raise the enthusiasm of the audience; his acting in the dying scene is very fine. But to Alboni, we think the palm must be

given, the force with which she delivered the passage

“Maffio Orsini, Signora, son io
Cui svenaste il dormiente fratello”

quite electrified the house, and the ballad in the banquet-scene in the last act,

“Il segreto per esser felice,”

she sings with so much *naiveté* as to be called upon for it three times. The lower notes of her voice in particular tell well. The only drawback is in Tamburini. Without going into the question which has been started, whether his voice is gone or not—we say not, for he certainly sustains notes better than he used—there is so much effort, so much straining after effect, that a character becomes wearisome. All that is presented is a laborious endeavour to do something, ending generally in a failure; far better would it be to try after less. With more ease there would be more effect; a truth we should think this singer might have learnt by this time. Tagliafico appears to be a promising young artist; unaffected and painstaking—qualities very essential to success. The opera has been got up splendidly with regard both to scenery and dresses; and no expense seems spared to make the representation as perfect as possible; nor in any performance at this theatre should the orchestra be forgotten as conducing to the general success. Finer playing cannot be heard.

On Tuesday a new ballet, called *La Sala mandrine*, was produced. There was a story but nothing very intelligible; it seemed merely a vehicle for some very pretty dances for Ellsler, and some nice groupings for the *coryphées*, as well as some opportunities for display for the other solo performers. The ballet cannot be said to be successful, for the house, which was well filled, presented a very empty appearance at the fall of the curtain.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The opera of the *Night Dancers* has been performed several times of late, Miss Anne Romer taking the part of *Giselle*; she appears to labour under some physical weakness, often failing for breath, and consequently she is unequal, as regards execution. Some few passages were delivered with much effect, but the whole performance was not satisfactory. Of Mr. Allen we have nothing to say in favour; it is too late to expect any alteration; we must, therefore, leave him to wabble out still some of the worst performed cadences it has been of late our lot to hear. A *Pas de Deux*, which is introduced in the opera, was nicely danced by Mr. and Miss Marshall, the latter acts also with much *naïveté* and spirit. On Thursday, some Hungarian dancers with unpronounceable names, made their *début*, three men and three women; they gave some specimens of dances in different costumes. The style might be called fantastic; the dancing of the fair portion was not wanting in grace, and that of the men was characterized by great energy. One of them, in solo, exhibited some extraordinary freaks of agility belonging to the class of performance that would be introduced into a pantomime on the English stage. One peculiarity observable was the extreme gravity they preserved in all their evolutions, which were done with great precision. They danced in a most business like way while the audience was convulsed with laughter. The house presented a somewhat empty appearance.

WILLIS'S ROOMS.—Mr. Wilmer's, a new and young pianist, gave a private *Matinée Musicale*, on Monday morning. He played some compositions of his own, and a “Sonata” of Beethoven's. He belongs to the modern school of playing, showing great strength and execution.

Mr. Vincent Wallace had a benefit last Monday evening at Drury Lane Theatre. There was first the opera of *Maritana*; then a concert *monstre*; and afterwards a grand *pas de deux Espanol*, by Signora Dolores, and Signor Camprubi. To chronicle such a number of events would be impossible. Everything, however, passed off satisfactorily; and the theatre was well attended.

LETTERS ON GOSS'S INTRODUCTION TO HARMONY AND THOROUGH BASS.

No. II.

"The greatest enemy to science, is he who conceals the causes that retard its advancement."

NOTHING is more injurious to classical harmony than teaching on methods which expatiate largely upon those chords only that are too frequently employed by less gifted musicians. Those who would educe the powers of sound, should rather treat most copiously the intricate points of the science. An amateur with a fine ear can, with tolerable ability, use the major and minor triads, the dominant 7th and 9th; a book, therefore, is of as little value as depth that dives but little further than this into the science. As I proceed, these prefatory remarks will elicit truths which appear to escape English theorists.

CHAPTER IX.—"Of the Chord of the Dominant 7th."—Our author commences by reversing the order of the *positions* of discords from those of concords. Turn to page 14, and there we find that the first position of the major triad is properly given, i.e., its root is in the melody; but in the chapter under my notice, the first position of the dominant 7th is made the fourth position; consequently, the root is not in the melody. This is against all rule of method.

At page 27, paragraph 1, we read of a third being "accidentally" major. This expression at once implies inconsistency of system. Nothing less than a mishap can account for an accident. The term "licence" is equally objectionable: of this, however, I shall, no doubt, have occasion to refer hereafter.

Page 27.—We come now to a part which treats so contradictorily and illogically the subject of dissonances. "All dissonant notes have a fixed progression, called *resolution*." So long as composition remains in the key in which it starts, the harmony is called *progressive*. The definition of resolution here given is a vague one; inasmuch as resolution may occur by modulation, as well as progression.

The following is a sweeping remark:—"When performing in four parts, it will be necessary to omit one of the intervals of the dominant 7th: the interval most frequently omitted is the 5th or 8th; the 7th and 3rd are seldom dispensed with, as they form the principal features of the chord."

The following examples will contradict the first part of this sentence, e. g.:

"The 7th," says our author, "is seldom dispensed with." This is tantamount to saying, the dominant 7th, without the 7th, is, notwithstanding, sometimes the dominant 7th. The student could scarcely see the force of this anomalous!

A small note at page 28 presents us with the following:—"We perceive that the term *resolution* is sometimes applied to the fixed progression of the dissonant note in particular; and, at other times, to the progression of the whole discord." I fear Mr. Goss will take the wrong view of this question. I will here observe, that to talk of resolving the consonant intervals in a discord is inconsistent, unless this term be applied to the concords as well as discords; but this no theorist ever thinks of doing.

It may be doubted whether the expression "*false resolution*" conveys an accurate idea of anything agreeable; for this reason I have called the cadence progressing from the dominant to the submediant the "interrupted cadence." A science should steer clear of all ambiguous and unintelligible technicalities. As regards the so-named "*false resolution*," mentioned in the first paragraph,

at page 28, I would remark that, in the minor mode, there are no two chords more enchanting than these: the great masters afford abundant proofs of their admiration of them; I, therefore, think this cadence deserves a truer appellation than the one here given.

I do not advise the student to imitate the musical example in the "progression of chords" in page 28; for not only is the distribution of the parts bad (rendering each part unmelodious), but it contains an error which theorists bid us to avoid, viz., an indirect octave: see bar 6. This error, however, is of small consequence, provided either the melody or harmony gain by committing it; but as, in this instance, neither the one nor the other has been considered, it becomes only a clumsy manner of obtaining four parts, which is the very thing a theorist should teach his students to avoid. I find, also, an indirect fifth just after the double bar of this example, viz., C to E (a third) followed by D to A (a perfect fifth).

CHAPTER X.—"Of the Inversions of the Dominant 7th."—There is one objection against the term "*inversions*" of a chord, which is, that perfect uniformity of expression cannot be observed by it. To substitute the word "*form*" would preserve uniformity; thus, a chord is in its first form when the root lies in the bass; in its second form when the third is in the bass; in its third form when the fifth is in the bass, &c. There is no concise and expressive word denoting the first form of a chord; this is inconvenient.

Page 31.—Our author illustrates the inversions of the dominant 7th by a chant: he observes, in a note, "each part forms a melody;" but, in the first section of this chant, the melody and the tenor so much resemble each other, on account of the indirect octave, that it can but be considered an apology for two melodies. Thus: {C-B A-D. I fear the ear can recognise no distinction in these two melodies.

"Licences peculiar to the Second Inversion of the Dominant 7th."—What grotesque views theorists have respecting dissonances, and what injustice have these views done to the science of music. Every composer of merit feels that the laws of dissonances oppose common sense, and they consequently break them. Theorists, observing this, endeavour to rectify their mistaken notions by calling everything a "licence" which infringes upon their restricted laws. Would it not be wiser to pass into a new law everything which a *great master* conceives to be right and effective? The question answers itself. Then, what excuse can a theorist have for following the fusty notions of the antique sages? The early writers on music had no Sebastian Bach to guide them, but Mr. Goss has; and yet he profits nothing by this immortal model of harmony. The licences referred to in this work (p. 31) produce more natural results than many of the restricted laws mentioned in all works on the theory.

Page 32.—"When the 4th is omitted," observes our author, "the $\frac{5}{3}$ is sometimes employed as at D; but at E the progression is more correct;" thus:

There are two reasons why I entertain an opposite opinion; first, because at d the parts progress more smoothly and form the chord of C more naturally than at E; and secondly, because the reverse of this is the case at e and besides it (G) produces an indirect fifth with the bass; the example at d is a licence, at E a *restricted law*!

This chapter concludes in a most extraordinary manner; the intention of the author is to show that the omission of the root in the dominant 7th

does not influence the name of the chord, in other words, the notes B D F constitute a dominant 7th, and yet a diminished triad is one recognized in this work. It would be as logical to argue that D F A is the subtonic 7th, its root B being omitted!!

This strange anomaly at least upsets the first sentence of Chapter V. thus:—"A triad is a fundamental chord composed of any note with its 3rd and 5th; thus the triad of A is A-C-E."

I will quote again from page 32, "The inversions of the dominant 7th may be distinguished by their resolving into the key-note triad or its inversion, which the diminished triad and its inversions do not." The following illustrations will show up the fallacy of this opinion, e.g.:—

If there be such a triad as a diminished one, surely these are examples of them; otherwise the note B, with its third and fifth, do not compose a triad. The leading note in the diminished triad on the 7th degree, of either the major or minor mode, must ascend to the tonic in spite of our author's opinion to the contrary. Our author's examples of the "Diminished triad on the leading note" are of two kinds; viz., good and bad. The 1st, 3rd, and 5th examples are bad. Such like treatment of the diminished triad is not natural, and never to be found in either Bach, Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, unless, perhaps, in an indifferent sequence. The 2nd and 4th examples are good, but they are not (as is here supposed) in the major mode. The root of the diminished triad is not the leading note, but it is the 2nd degree of the minor mode, consequently it is a *free note*.

The following sentence is quite erroneous:—"In the minor key, the apparent diminished triad on the accidental leading note, and its inversions are always parts of the dominant 7th." [What a delusion!] "On the contrary, the diminished triad on the second of the minor key, which (with its inversions) is much more frequently used than that on the leading-note of the major key, is always a *real diminished triad*."

By what magic has the diminished triad on the 2nd degree of the minor mode acquired this *nominal* distinction? The plain English of such reasoning is this, B D F is, and is not a diminished triad. Now, how, in the name of common sense, can this be? It would be as impossible to answer this question as it would be to prove that a man is a man in London and not a man in Paris.

CHAPTER XI.—"Of other Chords of the Seventh, and their Inversions."—This subject is disposed of in a very summary manner; viz., by illustrating two kinds of sequences in which 7ths are introduced. The student being only informed that other chords of the 7th may be formed "upon any note of the scale" must make the best use he can of this great fact; and when he is at a loss to please his ear, or to use them classically, he can copy the sequences here presented to him. But is this the way to make a harmonist?

CHAPTER XII.—"Of the Chord of the Dominant 9th; also its Derivatives, the Chords of the Leading Note, and the Diminished 7ths, with their Inversions."—In the major key, the most agreeable position of this chord, our author alludes to the dominant 7ths, "is where the 9th forms the upper part; occasionally, however, the 7th may be in the upper part."

Sebastian Bach employed chords in all their different positions and forms. The part of a theorist is to follow the greatest leaders of composition, and altogether avoid statements which

in any way tend to confine the student's knowledge, and appreciation of the classics of music.

It is the application of chords that constitute

Adagio.



The fourth form and second position of the dominant 9ths are employed at bar 2 (vide *); and at bar 3, the fifth form and first position are employed in the same discord (vide *). Our author enforces that the resolution of the dominant 9ths is, like the dominant 7th, generally followed by the key-note triad, or its second inversion. This is one out of the THIRTEEN ways that either of these discords may be treated, and surely some of the others ought to meet the eye of the student—here is another instance of *restriction*, or rather of omission.

"Of the Chords of the Leading and Diminished 7th, and their Inversions."—In defining the true nature of these discords, our author gets himself into three dilemmas by employing three methods to distinguish them. Firstly, in Chapter V., we were informed that "ANY note with its 3rd and 5th composed a trinity." Now as *duads* (intervals) lay the foundation of triads, so do triads lay the foundation of *tetrads* (or discords of the 7th), consequently (following up this principle) tetrads lay the foundation of the 9ths, 11ths, and 13ths. This principle is observed only when it suits our author's convenience. Secondly, the leading and diminished 7ths are, according to this work, no 7th at all, but are actually 9ths; for he observes, at page 36, "By employing the third of the dominant 7th as a bass note, omitting the fundamental note altogether, a chord of the 7th on the leading note is obtained." Thirdly, in figuring these *real* 9ths, i.e., *unreal* 7ths, the ciphering is not reckoned from the *real* 9ths but from the *unreal* 7ths; thus, then, the figures do not in reality represent the *real*, but the *unreal* discords. Such eductions as these can scarcely promote intelligence! Not satisfied with this incongruity of parlance, our author persists in the statement advanced at Chapter V., notwithstanding his frequent contradictions of it elsewhere, as will be perceived in the following note at the bottom of page 36:—

"The student is aware that the best way to ascertain the nature of the inversions of these and all other chords, is by referring to the fundamental chords." Then how can the real 9th in the *first form* be figured as a 7th, which must be the case if the real nature of the chord, B D A for instance, be considered a discord of the 9th?

Page 38.—"The dominant 9ths, and the various chords arising from it, need no preparation." If the works of the great masters justified this opinion, our author's impression would carry some weight with it; but such is not the case; especially when the dominant 9ths is employed in the major mode.

Our readers must have remarked that hitherto this work has dwelt with considerable patience on the Dominant harmonies; but as composition is made up of many chords, *their connection with each other* should form the leading features of a philosophical and philological treatise on harmony. CHORDS are in music what PARTS OF SPEECH are in grammar!

A grammarian sets out by specifying the exact number of the parts of speech; he then proceeds to examine them separately. How differently this work treats the grammar of music. No mention is made of the number of chords; nor are they separately examined; but, on the contrary, they

their relative qualities; just as much as a nice adjustment of words effects the force of a sentence. The following "interlude" may serve to illustrate, g. strate—

ATHENÆUM CONCERT.—Another of the series of very agreeable concerts, to which the members have free admission, was given on Friday evening last, to a very numerous audience. The principal features of the concert were the two instrumental quartets, performed by Messrs. C. A. Seymour, Jackson, Gregory, and Thorley. The Misses Kenneth and Mr. W. Pigot were the vocalists, and executed several songs and glees with great taste. Mr. W. Pigot sang two of John Parry's songs ("Fayre Rosamonde" and "Blue Beard") with considerable comic humour, and was encored in each.—*Manchester Examiner.*

MUSIC-HALL, STORE-STREET.—*Daniel's Prediction*, a new oratorio, by Mr. C. E. Horn, was performed here on Wednesday evening. Mr. Horn is known as a popular composer of airs for theatres and concert-rooms. This, we believe, is his first attempt at anything on a grand scale. The words of this oratorio are principally selected from Mrs. Hannah Moore's *Sacred Drama*. Of the music it would be hardly fair to speak, from the imperfect performance which it received. As a whole, however, we should characterise it as pretty and pleasing, rather than grand; in fact, showing a tendency to the style by which Mr. Horn has gained his popularity. We hope, however, to hear it again. The principal vocal performers were Misses Dolby, Thornton, and Wells, and Mrs. C. E. Horn; Messrs. Rafter, Wetherbee, Purday, Mattocks, and F. Smith. The quartett, "O, weep for us," was encored; as was also an air quite in the ballad style, "For the homes of our Fathers," sung by Miss Wells. The second part began with a chorus, "Hail, mighty King," which is perhaps the most effective thing in the oratorio, and was called a second time; and Miss Dolby's singing in the air, "Belshazzar! O, my son! my son!" received deserved applause, and was encored by acclamation. The instrumentation is very pleasing in parts, and there are some nice bits of melody interspersed. Before, however, we can decide on its merits we should like to hear it again. It certainly would not be the worse for a few more rehearsals, which would also do more justice to Mr. Horn, who conducted the oratorio; the band being led by Mr. Willy and Mr. Hughes presiding at the organ. The room was very full indeed.

BEETHOVEN ITALIANIZED.

To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—I am sorry to find that a Society instituted purposely in "honour to (the German) Beethoven," should give readings to this composer's music, as if he were an *Italian Beethoven*. I attended last Monday (May 13), the "Beethoven Quartett Society," and heard him thus executed. Is this the homage our countrymen should pay him? Should German and English professors sit or stand in extacy to hear him decked out in the gaudy attire of modern Italian sentimentalism, and robed (as it were) of his fatherland? I will reply to these things another day, unless the Society own itself wrong by rectifying so great an abuse of the music of Beethoven. If it do not, I will give physiological reasons, aided by musical illustrations, showing up the defects of the Italian and French school of quartett playing.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

OXFORD.—Boat-racing, cricketing, and such like amusements, have quite driven all musical entertainments from this region: the fine arts' have merged into the manly arts until towards the close of term, when, doubtless, a number of the concert-going clique will be attracted hither. The Vice-Chancellor during the last week gave permission to a Signor Spinetto for the purpose of exhibiting a collection of performing monkeys, mice, and birds; truly a great credit to an university town, particularly when the same authority has refused permission to far more worthy candidates for public patronage to perform. Doubtless the "industrious fleas," or something of that

nature, will next visit Oxford. Amongst the more refined class, however, music is still in the ascendant; witness the establishment of the "Oxford University Motett and Madrigal Society," which held its first meeting on the 19th ult., at the rooms of the Architectural Society, in Holywell-street. In my next letter I shall be enabled to give an account of the further proceedings of this admirable union.—*From our Correspondent.*

REVIEWS.

A View of Hong Kong; from a Painting by a Chinese Artist. Drawn on stone by J. C. Bourne. Printed by Stanbridge &c. Smith and Elder, Cornhill, London.

THE commission of inquiry, sent to China by the French government, had made us aware of the revolution going on at present amongst the artists of the Celestial Empire; and here we have a specimen of its progress. The Pugins of Canton would tear up the tails by their roots were they but aware how near their Gothic is to its extinction. This is a most satisfactory view of the place, in which to all the minuteness of detail that is peculiar to the industry of the people, is added the aerial and linear perspective that belongs to the true principles of artistic imitation.

To the Editor of the FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

Sir.—Allow me to point out a very unaccountable blunder that has been committed in a notice of my treatise, on the 'First Principles of Symmetrical Beauty' that appeared in your journal of Saturday last, (15th inst.)

The party who writes the notice, says, "mark, reader, the preparatory process for building a mug:—

"Referring the ellipse A F G to the same co-ordinates, we have for its semi-major and semi-transverse axes, the lines E A, E F, or $\frac{3}{2}$ and $\frac{\sqrt{3}}{2}$; and the equation to the curve $y^2 = \frac{b^2}{a^2} \times (2ax - x^2)$ where a b are the semi-major and semi-transverse axes, &c., &c., &c."

"The consequence of the whole being a pint pot."

The passage he thus quotes and comments upon is in the appendix of the book, and has not the most distant relation either to a mug or a pint pot, but is explanatory of a series of rectangles.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
D. R. HAY.

Edinburgh, May 17th.

[We do not perceive the blunder to which Mr. Hay alludes, the passage we have quoted refers to the process for infinite invention of the irregular ellipse, and it is on the irregular ellipse that the forms of pottery of which sections are introduced are founded.—ED.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOUSAND POUNDS PRIZE PICTURES.—The more we see of this affair, the more are we satisfied with the opinion we gave of it at first—that it was a sordid speculation with which it was not creditable to an artist to connect himself. It was known that the painters themselves were to select from the whole number, ten pictures, the speculators supposing that the candidates would be numerous; as there were only eleven in all, it became simply a selection of one; and we have not paid so much attention to the matter as to have inquired who that one was. But now the second selection has taken place, we call public attention to the shameful injustice committed; an injustice that attaches itself to the artists themselves, or so many of them as do not publish at once for whom they voted. For, let us remark here, that this chicanery has not been committed by the inventors of the scheme, without assistance from the candidates themselves; for it is them that have ostensibly made the choice. This promises something

worse beyond. That Mr. Fisk's picture was among the three best, no man with the slightest judgment in art could for a moment hesitate to pronounce. We do not say this to compliment Mr. Fisk. His picture is not a good picture; but it was far less bad than, at least, three of those chosen. We would not compliment Mr. Wood, on the other hand; for we do not think his picture to have pretensions to a high art production; it is, nevertheless, indisputably the best; and if the prize is given to another, it will be the crowning injustice of this most disgraceful transaction. Such a consummation will have one good consequence—it will prevent tolerable artists lending themselves to such contrivances, from the hope that higher talent will abstain from interference. The fear of a better man carrying away the prize will be substituted by the possibility of a worse man being successful.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 28, 1847.—William Henry Bodkin, M.R., Vice-President, in the chair. Captain William Caldwell was elected a member. Mr. Thomas Drayton read a paper "On his Patent Process for Silvering Glass with Pure Silver;" which was followed by some approbatory remarks from Messrs. Wentworth and Newton. Mr. Brett then read a paper "On his Electric Printing Telegraph;" exhibiting the apparatus. Mr. Wishaw also read a communication "Upon the Application of Heated Currents to Manufacturing and other purposes." May 5.—Sir John Boileau, Bart., Vice-President in the chair. George Washington Sheriff and Philip de Capelaine, Esquires, were elected members. The first communication read was that of Mr. Deffries on his new patent (3rd) "Dry Gas Meter;" next followed a paper by Mr. Boccius, on his "Improved Gas Burner;" which gave rise to some discussion; Messrs. Newton and Roberts taking a part. The evening concluded with a description by the Secretary, of the Excavating Machine, invented by Mr. Prideaux.

THE SO-CALLED VELASQUEZ PORTRAIT.—We have received a letter concerning the *soi disant* Velasquez picture, which is a sly endeavour to involve us in a dispute, whether the portrait of Charles I. is by Velasquez or Vandyck. Now as we have before given our opinion that it is by neither of those painters, nor even a portrait of the man, and have since had evidence placed in our possession as to where the picture was obtained, and the price given for it, at a very recent period, the then possessor not knowing anything whatever of its previous history; we are not likely to lend ourselves to any such delusion.

SALE OF MR. BECKFORD'S TOWER.—The Bath Gazette says, "This unique specimen of its late owner's taste, together with an acre of the surrounding land, was 'knocked down' by the auctioneer's hammer on Monday, for the almost nominal price of £1 000. The purchaser is Mr. William Knott, landlord of the Freemasons' Tavern, Abbey-green, Bath."

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to a "Constant Reader" for his observation, and shall endeavour to prevent the inaccuracies he points out.

There is much miscellaneous matter that we have been obliged to put aside from the space occupied by Exhibition notices.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"A Sketch of Assam," by an Officer of H.C. Bengal Infantry. Smith, Elder and Co.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—"Heart, heart, be gay," ballad; words by G. Macfarren; music by Walter C. Macfarren, C. Olivier, Bond-street.—"The Goodwood Waltzes," "The Belfast Waltzes," "The Evelyn Polka;" composed by F. G. Tinney. C. Olivier, Bond-street.

CONCERTS NEXT WEEK.—Monday, Signor Brizzi's Morning Concert.—Philharmonic—Wilson's Scottish Entertainment.

Tuesday, Musical Union.—Mr. F. Chatterton's Morning Concert.—Mr. R. Lacy's Second Handelian Concert.

Wednesday, Miss M. B. Hawes.

Friday, Mrs. Anderson's Morning Concert.—Mr. R. Green's First Concert.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Mr. LUMLEY.—First Appearance this Season of Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI. This Evening, May 22, will be performed Donizetti's opera LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Lucia, Madame Castellan; Edgardo, Signor Fraschini, Bilebent, Signor Solari, and Enrico, Signor Coletti. To conclude with the revived admired ballet (by M. Perrot) entitled LA ESMERALDA. The principal characters by Mlle. Carlotta Grisi, Madame Copere, and Madame Petit Stephan; M. St. Leon, M. Gosselin, and M. Perrot. On Thursday next, May 27, there will be a grand Extra Night, on which occasion Mlle. Jenny Lind will appear in one of her favourite characters. To be followed by various Entertainments in the Ballet Department, combining the talents of Mlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mlle. Lucille Grahn, Mlle. Carolina Rossini, and Mlle. Cerito; M. Perrot, and M. St. Leon.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—Extra night Thursday, May 27th, when Mozart's IL DON GIOVANNI will be performed, with the most perfect ensemble, comprising a double Orchestra, powerful Chorus, with the leading characters sustained by Grisi, Peralta, Corbari, Mario, Rovere, Tamburini, Tagliafico, Ley, &c., under the direction of M. Costa.

Fanny Elssler and Dumilatre will perform in the new and popular ballet LA SALAMANDRINE, supported by Mlle. Berlin, Mlle. Neodot, Mlle. De Melise, M. Petipa, and a numerous corps de ballet. The Scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, the Music by Signor Curini. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes to be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 291, Regent-street, and at the Box-office, Bow-street.

Prices of Admission, Pit Tickets, 8s.; Pit Stalls, 21s.; First Amphitheatre Stalls, First Row, 15s.; Second and Third Rows, 12s. 6d.; Second Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s.; First Amphitheatre Tickets, 8s.; Second Amphitheatre Tickets, 5s.; Gallery Tickets, 3s.

The doors open at Half-past Seven, and the performance commence at eight.

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EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, FIFTY-
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Admission, ONE SHILLING—Catalogue, SIXPENCE.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

THE ASSOCIATION TO PROMOTE THE
FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.—The
Exhibition is now Open to the Public on Monday, Tuesday,
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ONE THOUSAND POUNDS PRIZE
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45	1	14	8	2	1	0	3	18	0
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